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Civil and Religious Persecution

IN THE

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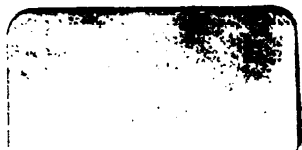
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CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

THE following is the act passed May 11th, 1874, and entitled : "Chap. 436—An Act to Regulate the Practice of Medicine and Surgery in the State of New York" :

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows :

SECTION 1. Every practitioner of medicine or surgery in this State, excepting licentiates or graduates of some medical society or chartered school, shall be required, and they are hereby commanded to obtain a certificate from the censors of some one of the several medical societies of this State, either from the county, district or State Society; which certificate shall set forth that said censors have found the person to whom it was issued qualified to practice all of the branches of the medical art mentioned in it. And such certificate must be recorded in a book provided and kept for the purpose by the county clerk of each county in the State.

SEC. 2. The censors of each medical society aforesaid shall notify all practitioners of medicine and surgery of the terms and requirements of this act, and shall request such persons so notified to comply with those requirements within thirty days after such notification; and if such persons shall not, within the time specified in the notice, or within such further time as may be allowed by special arrangement with said censors, not exceeding ninety days, comply with the requirements herein made of physicians or surgeons, as the case may be, such persons shall thereafter be subject to all the provisions and penalties prescribed by this act for any violation of the same, and the president of the society making such request shall and he is hereby required to at once commence the proceedings authorized by this act against such person.

SEC. 3. It is hereby declared a misdemeanor for any person to practice medicine or surgery in this State, unless authorized so to do by a license or diploma from some chartered school, State board of medical examiners, or medical

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society, or who shall practice under cover of a medical diploma illegally obtained; and any person found guilty of such a misdemeanor shall for the first offence be fined not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars. For any subsequent offence not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment not less than thirty days, or by both imprisonment and fine; and all such fines shall go into the county treasury of the county bringing such action.

I see by Father Beeson's letter in the Banner of Light of Jan. 15, 1876, that the M. D.s of New York have commenced broadening their opportunity for mischief in their death-dealing profession by taking the initiatory step to stop by fine and imprisonment a mediumistic doctress from healing the sick after the fashion and order prescribed, practiced and *commanded* by Jesus Christ, of the imparting health and vitality through "the laying on of hands."

I know not what provision there may be, if any, in the State Constitution of New York, either to protect or to *punish* religious liberty; but if there is any—*pro* or *con.*, in that *ring* governed State, and if the truth can be offered in evidence in her *Field, Tweed & Co.'s* ruled-mocking tribunals of *Justice*, ("God save the mark,")—would it not be well, let me ask, that Spiritualists should establish a fund by subscription and make Mrs. Holmes's a test case? Let the defence be rested solely on the ground of her right, by virtue of *national* American citizenship, to religious liberty, and to practice it in the broadest sense, even though it be after the unpopular mode pursued by Jesus of Nazareth, Paul of Tarsus, and Peter the fisherman of old, that has become so hateful to the doctors of medicine and of the Christian or anti Christian churches (or of whatever mixed order) in the present day, that they with their deluded followers are combining to bring it to an end by the infliction of fine, imprisonment, and, if possible, death, as did their prototypes, the Doctors of the Temple and Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, nineteen centuries ago.

Let Mrs. Holmes's defence be wholly and entirely based on the ground—that "*the healing of*

the sick, the halt, the blind and the lame" constitutes the fundamental basis of her religious faith, belief and practice, and that she labors in her calling not by virtue of any flesh-and-blood doctors, paper-and-ink-made diploma, but by virtue of authority conferred on her by the living God himself, witnessed to by Jesus of Nazareth, and uniformly practiced by his followers, in accordance with his precepts and positive commands, for some centuries, and until the anti-Christian beast of the Apocalypse obtained through priestly craft and violence, dominion over the church, and extirpated the true exponents and practitioners of its divinely appointed ordinances, by putting them to death with torture, fire and sword.

Although such a righteous defence may not avail to protect the innocent before a court and jury selected and perhaps packed from the priest and other *professional*-ridden masses of New York, the occasion may nevertheless be used to scatter the seeds of truth with great effect in the way of showing, through the testimony of living witnesses, the comparative success of healing the sick after the mode prescribed and practiced by the unlettered Galilean and his mediumistic disciples, and that of the poison-drugging doctors that they now seek to force on the people of New York by authority of a law, making it penal, so far as I can learn, for a father or mother to administer to a sick child.

With such a precedent before the court as that recently established in Tilton *versus* Beecher, wherein no bounds whatever were set to the admission of testimony, however irrelevant, it would be hard indeed to refuse hearing evidence *even till doomsday*, that it could not be denied bore directly on the merits of the case in issue. Thus if money enough can be raised by the friends of Mrs. Holmes (whom I do not personally know) to pay her lawyer's fees and meet other incidental expenses, the trial may be used by Spiritualists to scatter broadcast to the world, through the columns of the public press, thou-

sands of instances of painless and inexpensive cures of human maladies, made by spirit mediums through "the laying on of hands," which the ruinous, costly and protracted torture treatment of the diplomaed physicians had failed to accomplish.

On the other hand, reliable instances, almost rivaling the leaves of the forest in multitude, may be obtained, all going to prove the utter fallacy of the legal doctors' medical practices in cases of human ailment, readily curable by judicious treatment, but which, through the malpractices of inexperienced or stupid novices and prejudiced members of the faculty, have resulted in ruinous deformities of mind or body, infirmities and death.

I can go back in memory nearly to the time when *Rush* killed his hecatombs with the lancet as really and truly as ever Alexander or Julius Cæsar slaughtered theirs with the sword. In that day phlebotomists were as rife at the street corners as drug and poison-vending apothecaries are now, whom the pompous disciples of Rush, too lofty in their own conceit to perform the menial services of their *butcher* calling, deputed as *Jack Ketches* to administer the *coup de grace* to their *wretched patients*, who it was said sometimes died under the dripping hands of these executioners whilst the blood was oozing from their opened veins.

I too well remember when in every nook and corner of the land the "pale horse" paced his daily rounds among the ignorant masses, carrying on his back the proverbial saddle-bag, stuffed with mercury, blisters, opium, powders and other abominations, "and his name that sat on him was Death, and HELL followed with him."

There is no poetry in the above scriptural foreshadowing of the coming doctor, for the significant capitalized word conveys but an inadequate idea to some minds of the intolerable sufferings, through burning fever, scorching thirst, prostration of bodily strength, and constantly repeated nauseous doses, that were ever attendant upon

the households into which "*the doctor*" and his saddle-bags were permitted to enter.

Fortunate indeed was it for the family into whose house they entered, that could get riddance of them without being subjected to months of suffering on beds of sickness, and maling, and the following of one, two, three, and as many as five of their number (as I have known) to the grave. And this too merely from the presence of acute cases of fall fever, pleurisy, dysentery and other bilious and congestive maladies, that it was afterwards proved by myself and others might, as a general rule, be cured within twenty-four hours. By proper and simple treatment, hundreds of similar attacks were so cured within my knowledge and experience, after public opinion had become sufficiently enlightened in the neighborhood where I formerly did business to cripple the onslaught of the blood-letting, opiate-drugging doctors, by adopting a common-sense mode of cure.*

I hold it as the chief glory of my life that I was one of the first who denounced the death-dealing practice and labored for the overthrow of blood-letting, which, by alleviating the symptoms, always aggravates the cause of disease, very much as do preparations of opium, such as morphine and other narcotics, that have so generally been

* I was present on two occasions when the most destructive and of course most renowned of these *Dr. Sangrados* in the neighborhood, called at our house to see an ailing mulatto girl, whose case he with much gravity pronounced on his first visit to be very critical, but thought it possible he might be able to save her life. My father being opposed to blood-letting, the doctor postponed operations until the next day. In the meantime, my father, suspecting foul play on the part of the doctor, gave the girl a dose of bilious pills. On the afternoon of the following day, *Dr. Sangrado* appeared at the door with saddle-bags on his arm as usual, and after seating himself and making a few indifferent observations, asked *how the sick girl was?* My father told him that he gave her a dose of old *Dr. Eldridge's* pills the night before, and that she was then at work in the kitchen, and apparently well. The doctor dropped his head in a musing attitude for a few moments, and as he grasped his saddle-bags, remarked in a soliloquizing tone, "*Eldridge's* pills are devilish things." No doubt a copious blood-letting or a dose of Dover powders, morphine, or other like life-extinguishing sedative, would have rendered the simple bilious or congestive attack as "critical" as the modern *Esculapius* could have desired.

adopted by the faculty since the common sense of the people forced them to abandon the lancet, a method of mitigating symptoms and reducing inflammation, which though less open to popular observation, is scarcely less fatal in its ultimate effect than the letting of blood.

But nevertheless such is the stolid ignorance and partisan obstinacy of the M. D.s, superadded to the *esprit de corps* of the profession, that they still continue to fall down in adoration before the image of *Rush*, as one of the most awful of their gods, now that they do not and *dare* not longer adhere to his medical rules, which doubtless they would have continued to do but for the interference of common-sensed quacks; for though the leopard may change his spots and the hungry tiger forego its prey, yet never since the world began has any fraternity of doctors of divinity or of medicine been known to make any radical reform within the precincts of their respective creedal professions, or adopt it from without, otherwise than under the pressure of an overwhelming outside pressure of public opinion.

With the great mass of people the relieving of symptoms of disease was formerly held to be tantamount to removing the cause in like degree, which of course could not but render the system popular, as the letting of blood seldom or never fails to relax the vital functions, and thereby temporarily alleviates pain or oppression. Besides, when the doctors of the Rush school were in full feather they fostered the belief, then generally prevalent, that the multitudes who died under their ministrations were really killed by the violence of the disease, whilst the few that survived owed their lives to the skill of the physician. Were it not for innovations made by *quacks* and other free-thinkers outside the profession, this would probably continue to have been the popular view taken of the subject to-day, in which case Rush would undoubtedly be entitled in public estimation to the lofty niche he still occupies in the doctors' pantheon. But unfortunately for the consistency of the medical faculty,

most outside of their *groove* have now settled down in the belief that formerly it was the *multitude* who were *killed* by the doctors, whilst the *few* that survived *lived* in spite of their malpractice.

I have personally known of many and heard reliable accounts of scores of other bone-setting performances of the Sweet Family, that rival the most miraculous cures that are recorded in the Bible, wherein bones of almost every limb and other parts of the body have been broken, crushed or dislocated by falling buildings, factory machinery, runaway horses, &c., &c., which these uninstructed surgeons or healers have, with but little comparative suffering to their patients, restored to their proper places, and sent them forth again to the world in good health and with the ability to do their proper work.

I knew of old Job Sweet, the first bone-setter in Narragansett, who was well known formerly in New York from the fact of his having replaced the hip-bone of Mrs. Alston, the daughter of Aaron Burr, after she had been subjected to all the miseries of the damned ten times repeated, with ropes and pulleys and other professional instruments of torture in the hands of the chief surgeons in America.

So terrible indeed were the torments Mrs. Alston had been subjected to, through the pullings, the wrenchings and haulings to and fro of the diplomatic corps of surgeons and doctors, that, as it was said, she at length refused to permit them to enter her room, preferring rather to die than to have her sufferings longer aggravated by their horrible ministrations; and her father, in sheer desperation, was forced to despatch a messenger to Narragansett for the uncultured, unlettered farmer, Job Sweet, who, after ascertaining the exact position of the dislocated bone, put it in place with his hands alone almost instantaneously, and without even removing the bed-clothing from his patient, who, to her own and her father's bewildering amazement, arose on the same day and walked the room.*

* I was present at Dr. Newton's apartments in New York, some years ago, at a time when through the *power*

Since my remembrance many amusing anecdotes used to be told of "Old Dr. Job Sweet;" among others one wherein it was said a skeptical young man laid a wager with some of his boon companions that he would make *Old Sweet* believe that his elbow was dislocated when it was perfectly sound. They were at the time stopping at Franklin's tavern, at what is called the South Ferry, where Sweet was expected hourly to arrive on his way home from Newport. When he at last reached Franklin's, the young wag approached him with his pretended broken arm in a sling and asked Job to put it in place. The old man felt of the joint, gave it a slight twitch, and mounting his horse rode off; but had not got far before he was overtaken by a messenger, with a request that he would return and set the elbow of his facetious friend, which had indeed been slyly dislocated by Sweet immediately upon his comprehending the nature of the joke.

of the Holy Ghost he did many mighty works of healing, and saw him put a little boy's dislocated hip in place with a sudden *trotting jerk*. (very much after the fashion probably of Mr. Job Sweet,) and after manipulating the parts a few moments, he sent him (apparently well) *trotting* across the room. The whole operation did not much exceed the time required to relate it. This occurred in the doctor's *pauper* apartment, wherein he healed without charge, and in which he said the power that controlled him operated with much greater effect than in the *paying* apartment above stairs.

After apparently healing two paralytic patients, and making his characteristic demonstrations over several others with more or less apparent effect, the doctor's work for the day being done he knelt on one knee before myself and a friend that accompanied me, and asked us to raise our hands as high as we could reach directly over his head. We did so, and both felt a current as sensibly as we could have done had it proceeded from a small bellows. This the doctor said was the surplussage of the healing element his organism had been charged with from the angel-world.

Before leaving we went with Dr. Newion to his better furnished apartments above stairs, where we saw arranged in a long open rack from one (apparently) to two hundred crutches and canes, each one having the name of the patient, that, on being healed of their infirmity, had left them as no longer needed, together with their place of residence. They constituted in the whole quite a picturesque and motley group, ranging probably in cost from aught to five dollars each. I observed one elaborately finished pair that I think must have cost as much as fifteen or twenty dollars.

This aptitude in "*unshipping*" and "*reshipping*" joints seems to have been inherited by some of Job's female descendants, who since my remembrance were credited with the practicing of surgery upon certain domestic fowls that sometimes intruded annoyingly on washing-days, through outside doors that were purposely set open on account of the heat of the weather, whose legs they would slip out of joint and toss the crippled fowls one side until the clothes were washed, when they would slip the bones back into their places and send them again rejoicing on their way.

On an occasion of Job's going to Boston to set some bone or bones, a distinguished physician of the place treated him very civilly and took him to an anatomical hall. Sweet showed but little interest in the specimens, but, as he glanced at the foot of one of the skeletons, he remarked that he had "never before seen a *tominy*;" but said he, suiting the action to the word, "There is a bone out of place in that foot!" The accomplished surgeon and physician looked but could discover no defect until with his consent the old man reversed the position of a small bone, which his learned companion was forced to admit placed it in its right position.

I well knew the blacksmith, Jonathan Sweet, of *Sugar Loaf Hill* (a son of Job), who seldom left home but on extraordinary occasions, and who, when patients were brought to him whose cases had perhaps in some instances baffled the skill of the most renowned doctors, was wont to ask the customer whose horse was left only partly shod to excuse him a few minutes whilst he put the stranger *to rights*, which having done he would charge his patient a pistareen or quarter for the loss of time incurred by the interruption, and return to finish his more important job of shoeing the horse.

I remember on the occasion of Jonathan Sweet's restoring a break or fracture in the leg of a colored boy in my employ, which he did perfectly in about the time some of the pompous M. D.s

of the period would have consumed in taking off their hat and gloves preparatory to an examination, that I asked him how he was enabled to do the work so quickly? To which he replied that he did not himself know, but that he *seemed to see* the exact position of the bones, both when in and when out of place, as plainly as if they lay naked before his eyes.

His son William, who now lives where his father did, and whom I have known for more than fifty years, has described his gift of healing to me very much after the same manner as have other members of the family, from which I am led to believe that they all possess unconsciously the gift or faculty of clairvoyance. On one occasion I remember sending for William Sweet out of an adjacent hayfield, where he was at work for a neighbor, to set a boy's wrist who was thrown from a horse, which he did in an *instant*, after the bandages had been prepared. I supposed the work was completed; not quite, said the doctor, as he pressed his thumb on the back of the boy's hand, and replaced a little bone with quite a snap, that had been also disarranged in the fall, which he no doubt detected through his clairvoyant gift.

Again I sent for him to restore the collar bone of a daughter, that was displaced by a fall. I then lived many miles away, and the doctor did not arrive until some twenty-four or more hours, when my daughter's sufferings had become exceedingly acute. When Sweet arrived he evidently comprehended the exact difficulty at a glance, not of his external, but no doubt his internal vision, and remedied it at *one touch* of his hands, so that after being bandaged and carried in a sling for a few weeks the shoulder was made apparently as sound as ever.

Again I sent for William Sweet, on an occasion wherein a boy, seven or eight years old, who lived with his mother in my family, had his arm broken, above the elbow, by a fall from the back of a donkey. It was a very bad break, the wound being much lacerated and

the end of the fractured bone easily felt, and, as I think, was to be seen. The weather being hot the arm had swelled to twice or more its usual dimensions before Sweet arrived, which was one or two days after the accident. I was absent for a few hours at that time, and on my return home learned that the boy's arm had been set, splintered and bandaged, and that the bone-setter was assisting my workmen in the hayfield. I found by inquiry that soon after Sweet's arrival he glanced at the arm, and then went out in the grounds in search of wild cherry and some other barks or roots, with which he made a compound wash, that quickly reduced the inflammation and swelling so that he could set the bone. The boy was willful, and to restrain him within proper bounds, we shut him in a long entry, out of which he got through an open window the next day, and thenceforward continued to run at large with his arm in a sling. In a few weeks, however, the bones knit, and he was as well as ever, without the slightest disfigurement.

At this time the doctor went with me to see an old man, by the name of Thomas Durfee, who occupied a tenement of mine, and was partially disabled in one hand, which he had shown to many physicians, none of whom could detect anything about it out of place. Sweet fixed his eyes momentarily on the back of the old man's hand, then putting his fingers on the palm, gently pressed his thumb on the back, above where the forefinger joined, and then told the old man to open and shut his hand, which he at once did, and continued to use it ever after as well as the other. In explanation Sweet said that there was a little bone somewhere in the hand so slightly raised and set out of its proper place on edge, that it was very difficult to perceive it either through the sense of sight or touch.

(By the by, I will say in parenthesis, that after old Mr. Durfee had suffered some years from the rheumatism, which was constantly growing worse, so as at last to threaten his con-

finement to the house, I one day took him into my buggy as I passed his door on my way to Newport, R. I., and left him at Dr. Newton's office. An hour after I called for him on my way home, when he told me that the doctor had pretty much cured him through a few passes of his hands, which proved to be the case, as from that time he went about far more readily, as he said, and as I well know, up to the period of his last sickness, than he had done for years before.)

Besides the bone-setting gifts the Sweet Family seem to possess in a remarkable degree another faculty scarcely less wonderful, viz., that of compounding liniment or washes out of the roots and barks that are to be found in almost every neighborhood, and which are highly efficacious in reducing inflammation and swellings, and in preventing mortification.

Some forty or more years ago, as one Samuel Curtis was proceeding to a manufactory of wine with a heavily laden ox-team, he was thrown from the tongue of the cart in a stony rough place in the road so that a wheel passed over and crushed his thigh bone, besides dreadfully bruising and lacerating the flesh. He was brought home, a distance of some five or more miles, and it was thought that no treatment could save his limb, if peradventure it might his life. Dr. "Bill Sweet," however, was sent for, who, after washing and *mopping* the wound after his accustomed fashion with vegetable decoctions, put all the bones in place, and splintered them with sole leather. Under his care, notwithstanding the summer heat that prevailed, inflammation was kept down and mortification entirely prevented, and after lying on his back in bed a few weeks the sufferer was again walking about—nor was it long before he was seen on the road with his team, as well as ever, with the exception of a trifling limp, occasioned by the slight shortening of the limb, caused by tension of the tendons and muscles while the broken and shattered bones were in the process of knitting together. Curtis died not long since, aged about eighty, as lib-

eral in mind and as highly respected as any man in the neighborhood.

Another peculiarity of the older branches of the Sweet Family is their utter unconsciousness of the magnitude of the cures they perform. Exploits of healing that if done by regular practitioners would place them in the first ranks of the profession, and give them a world-wide reputation and notoriety, are accomplished by the Sweets without its apparently entering their minds that they have done anything worthy of especial note, much less admiration.

I have been amused to hear the old man William Sweet's narrations of some of the most remarkable cures that were perhaps ever performed by man, for which he claimed no more credit than he might have done for merely setting a broken bone of the finger.

A few years ago a young man fifteen miles away was caught in the belting of some running gear in a factory, and thrown several times around a drum and against the ceiling of the room before he could be rescued, when it was found both arms and one leg were broken in one or more places, besides sundry other fractures and breaks in other parts, whilst his whole body was lacerated, torn and mutilated so that his humanity could scarcely be discerned. Sweet was at once sent for, but before he arrived the exigencies of the case prompted friends of the sufferer to call in some of the regular faculty, who, just before Sweet got on the spot, had, to use his expression, "*lopped* off one arm, and was just proceeding to lop the other." Seeing how things stood Sweet declined interfering, but was finally prevailed upon, through earnest solicitation of the friends, to take the case in hand, when he soon, as he quaintly observed to me, "put the boy together and made all right again," adding, after a pause, "that is, all that the doctors had left of him," or words to that effect.

Job Sweet, *the younger*, a brother or first cousin of William, (I do not remember which,) was also some fifty years ago a celebrated bone-setter. I

knew him well, and remember when a young professional gentleman of Boston, a Mr. Warner, who was, I think, a relative, and perhaps a nephew of Daniel Webster, came to South Kingston and placed himself under the treatment of Job for a serious lameness that had baffled, as I understood, the skill of the Massachusetts Faculty, and which, having become chronic under their treatment, required time to cure. Mr. Warner used occasionally to dine at my father's, and on these and other occasions he seemed never to tire in relating and expatiating on the wonderful operations he saw Job (in whose family for convenience of treatment he resided for some months) perform. Among others I remember the case of a stripling by the name of *Day*, who was brought by his friends from somewhere up the North River. Warner was present at Job's first examination of the boy's leg, which he said was as stiff as *his* walking stick, and from the knee downward not much bigger, (as he rather figuratively remarked,) the circulation of the blood and fluids having ceased to nourish it, so that the flesh had wasted away to the very bone. Job nevertheless spoke of the case as not beyond hope.

"Why surely, Doctor," said Warner, "you can do nothing to restore that limb, for it has no joint!"

"Then," said Job, "we must make a new one." And sure enough, by gentle and oft-repeated manipulation of his hands, the ossification was gradually worn away, so that before Warner left, some weeks after, he told us that a complete joint was developed, the circulation restored, and flesh and muscle began to steadily form on the leg.

Warner finally induced his humble friend and *protégé* to remove to Boston, where the mode of living, so different from that Job had been accustomed to, added to the *eclat* and increased temptations that constantly attended him in his marvelous performances, proved too much for the moral firmness of the unsophisticated bone-setter, who died in early manhood, his days being no doubt shortened through intemperance.

I suppose that Mr. Warner may be still living, and if so, I know that he might, if he were disposed, compile a narrative of the *bone-setting* exploits of Job Sweet, which fell under his own personal observation, that would fill a large and exceedingly interesting volume.

I have been more prolix in reminiscences of the Sweet bone-setting family from the circumstance that I know many of its younger members are now practicing their healing art, so nearly allied to the spiritual gift of "laying on of hands," (if indeed it be not the same) in several different States of the Union, New York among the number, and that *these* "natural bone-setters" are, in common with all other *undiplomated* healers of human maladies, subject to the ban of its abominable, doctor-made law—a law that is as repugnant to true American ideas of right and liberty as would be the passing of a legislative enactment compelling its citizens to hire their day laborers from specified nationalities; or to purchase their goods only at certain privileged shops; or to designate in what creedal churches they should worship, under pain of imprisonment, confiscation of property and death, as was formerly the case as regards worship in Maryland, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and in other British priest-ridden colonies of North America. Were the regular medical practitioners to succeed in banishing, through persecution, and tyrannical law, the bone-setting Sweets from the State, as they have already done the clairvoyant physician, Mrs. Catharine Morrison, and no doubt scores of others, and are now seeking to expel, through the threat of fine and imprisonment, Mrs. Holmes—no one can estimate the amount of suffering that may ensue to the unfortunate individuals who may be compelled to throw themselves, in case of accidents, in their despair, into the hands of the authorized practitioners.

Since writing the above, I have received a letter, dated Feb. 7th, 1876, from a lady who resides near Pittsfield, Mass., in which she incidentally mentions the following circumstance:

"Mr. Olmstead, who lives not far from us, had not long since his shoulder all crushed to pieces by the fall of a molasses cask which he was steadyding down a gangway. He went to a doctor in Pittsfield, and when he left his care at the end of some weeks, the arm had grown to his side, so that the flesh was continuous, and the arm of course utterly useless. Olmstead then went down to Dr. Sweet at Hartford, who cut the flesh, re-broke the bones and re-set them, so that the arm, though somewhat disabled, does not prevent his leading a very active life, besides following his trade as a butcher."

I suppose the Dr. Sweet of Hartford to be a descendant of old Job Sweet of Narragansett. It is well for him that he is not located in New York instead of Connecticut, as in that case the M. D. of Pittsfield spoken of might be after him with a sheriff's posse, and have him before a New York court of justice, to be fined and imprisoned for interfering with the privileges of the profession, nor could Sweet help being convicted as the law stands on the statute book.

It is but a few weeks ago that while passing with a stone-drag through a gateway, a very near neighbor of mine caught his foot between it and the post, and dislocated and fractured the great toe. As small an affair as it might be deemed, the M. D. that was called to his aid managed to inflict in one or more bungling operations an untold amount of anguish on his patient, without succeeding in moving the member from the upright position it had been thrown into by the accident. Finding that he could get no relief at the hands of the regular M. D., the sufferer finally applied to Dr. Sweet of Fall River, (who is no doubt one of the lineal descendants of old Job Sweet,) who put the bones of the toe in their proper places in a very short time, and comparatively with but little pain.

There are no doubt thousands of estimable men among physicians and surgeons; but as a general rule, there is probably no profession on earth so adapted to the rendering men callous to human suffering as theirs, and I have heard it remarked, and I think justly, that medical students are more unfeeling and brutal in their instincts than any other class of collegians. The cause may be found in the fact that they can only

obtain experience in their disgusting profession by experimenting with their scalpels, forceps and saws upon the bodies and limbs of the unfortunate inmates of our public hospitals, and by delving elbow deep amidst the reeking stench of putrid corpses stolen by their confederate body-snatchers at midnight from the graveyard, in the vain expectation that by thus mangling the forsaken and perishing tenement, they may be enabled to understand and regulate the subtle machinery whose vital principle has departed with the soul. How vain must be the lessons thus learned in the dissecting-room, that are applicable even to the surgical branch of the art, may be guessed at by outsiders, when they hear one of the great lights of the faculty declare, as I have read was recently the case, that ere a student in surgery can qualify himself to perform successfully the operation he had just accomplished, he must first have "gouged out of their sockets at least a *peck*" of human eyes! Of what practical benefit to humanity, it may well be asked, can the practice of a profession be, whose trophies are won at such a cost?

The practice of the natural bone-setters, as well as that of our clairvoyant physicians, has proved beyond question that it is seldom if ever necessary to amputate a human limb, whilst that of the latter has also demonstrated that the removing of cancers and tumors with the knife is worse than a useless operation, and nearly if not always results in injury rather than benefit to the sufferer. I recently had in my possession a list of the names of some scores of patients, several of whom I personally knew, who had been afflicted with cancer, many of which had been cut out several times by the regular physicians, and ALL of which, with the exception of two, were entirely healed by the late John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I., an unlearned clairvoyant practitioner.

A few years ago I heard a respectable man who was wounded during the late war, say that it was only through the exercise of a resolute will

and pugnacious resistance that he prevented the young surgeons in the army from amputating his leg, which was afterwards readily restored to its accustomed usefulness.

Not long since a lady of high culture and refinement told me that it had recently fallen to her lot to visit semi-officially once or more a week a charity or municipal hospital on Blackwell's Island, or somewhere else in the vicinity of New York, and that she often passed over in the boat with some scores of medical students on their way to hear lectures and witness operations in the hospitals. Some of them, she said, appeared to be correct, estimable young men, but the majority were, so far as she could apprehend, the most callous and brutal set of human beings of their age she ever saw grouped together, as their countenances, coarse manners and low-bred conduct evinced, both when on the boat and after their arrival at the hospital, where they seemed to regard the sick and dying inmates as mere automations created for their especial benefit. Nor did she, during her protracted and oft-repeated visits, ever observe a single instance in all the wards of the hospital wherein either the students or attendant physicians bestowed a kind word or manifestation of sympathy on the sick and dying patients. She described the atmosphere of the place as heart-sickening beyond description, and rendered even more so by the hard, unfeeling bearing of the medical superintendents and visiting students, than by the deprivations and sufferings of the poor inmates themselves. Once on her calling the attention of the superior physician of the hospital (who appeared to be an intimate friend of Tweed's, and was sometimes absent on visits to his apartments in the penitentiary,) to the fact, he laughingly remarked that the patients rather liked that kind of treatment! (or words to that effect.) So said the brutish bumpkin whom the moralist reproved for sewing up his ferrets' mouths preparatory to letting them loose in the rabbit-warren, "Why, lor, maister, they loykes it."

And it is from the medical dens of such unlicked cubs as these that multitudes of inexperienced, crude and vulgar-minded adventurers annually swarm forth to afflict the land more than ever Egypt was cursed by inundations of *lice or locusts*.

Well has it been said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," to which may be added that a great deal of theoretical learning, unaccompanied by practical experience and observation, is still more dangerous, as is well understood by every successful and practical man of business, whether his calling be that of a farmer, mechanic, merchant, or other.

Book learning (as it is sometimes called) can never create a wise man out of the elements that Nature destined for a fool, and, in fact, as a general rule with such, education only serves to qualify their possessor to aggravate or show up more conspicuously his folly. The wise man who more than twenty centuries ago wrote, "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, *yet* will not his foolishness depart from him," was doubtlessly well aware of this fact.

Probably all men of good common sense or *wisdom* will concede that not more than one-half of the students of law, physic and divinity are of their order of mind. Hence it follows that, after selecting (as is claimed) one-third of the whole number, out of the most talented of these to fill the law schools, there is left but twenty-five per cent. of students of common sense to go into the schools of the second and third of the three "unclean spirits" or "spirits of devils," that John, the ancient clairvoyant, saw proceed "out of the mouth of the dragon"—viz., the doctors of law—"and out of the mouth of the beast"—viz., the doctors of medicine—"and out of the mouth of the false prophet"—viz., the doctors of divinity—and *go forth* to prepare the way by their oppression, iniquity, and hypocrisy, for that mighty convulsion in the world, typified as the great battle of "Armageddon." This, without

allowing for any of the remaining common sense students finding by any possible chance their way into the divinity schools, would leave but fifty per cent. of that order in the medical colleges, and of course one-half of all those must be of the class just described, that education tends to bewilder and darken, rather than instruct and enlighten.

And *these* are of *they* who now dally and nightly "GO FORTH," &c., (as before hinted,) armed with worthless diplomas, made and bestowed upon them by their *kith* and *kin* and *LIKE*, to force their way into the chambers of the sick and dying people of New York, through lack of qualities to attract, by usurped authority of barbarian laws aimed at the property and liberty, and ultimately at the lives of a class, "the latchet of whose shoes they are unworthy to unloose," whom God in mercy to mankind has raised up in these latter days and divinely appointed and qualified through the power of his spirit and Holy Ghost to become healers of all curable maladies, almost without *price*, *inconvenience* or *pain*.

I have had large and long experience as to the relative value of the medical services to humanity of both the regular faculty and those they brand with the epithet of *quacks*, and I can say with confidence that after allowing for all the good that is undoubtedly done by a large number of conscientious, experienced and liberal members of the former profession, a mighty balance of evil toward human woe still remains against the faculty, because of the recklessness, inexperience, ignorance and selfishness of much the larger number of its order.

On the other hand, after a wide experience for some score of years, both personal and otherwise, I cannot recall to memory a single instance wherein I know of serious injury to health having been caused by the mistaken practice of clairvoyant physicians, whilst I do know of scores of cases wherein invaluable services have been rendered to the ailing, including some of momentous importance to myself.

Some eighteen years ago my constitution seemed to have given out, and I was reduced so near death's door that at one time I felt certain that by merely giving up my will I should at once pass into spirit-life. It was at this critical period that my spirit physician assured me that if I would heed his advice and put myself in the way to be administered to by him through the mediumship of the late lame and decrepit John C. Grinnell, the spirits had the power, and would not only restore me to health but make me "young" again. And they have kept their word as I truly believe, for now, in my eightieth year, I have better spirits, better health, and feel that there is more vitality and vigor in my constitution than it possessed twenty or more years ago. And all this has been accomplished simply through the application of vegetable medicines and the "laying on of hands," without using a grain of mercury, or opium, or other mineral or poisonous drug.

One of the worst features with legalized practitioners in medicine has been, and is now, perhaps in a less degree, their educated habit of treating nature as a *liar* and a *cheat*, which prompts them to distrust every effort it makes to throw off disease, and to confound effects with causes. Probably more premature deaths have occurred in the United States from the malpractice of physicians that has grown up under this misapprehension than from all other causes put together. I think I have personally known hundreds who have died under the hands of their physicians from these causes.

For instance, in the winter of 1829 or 1830, Judge J. W., of Tower Hill, So. Kingston, R. I., and his wife, were smitten with a malady, the first symptom of which was a severe pain in the small of the back. To relieve the pain, and the oppression for breath it caused, they were both copiously bled, and both died within a week.

The ensuing winter, Wm. K—, Thos. B—, Benj. A—, Daniel C—, John K— and a Mr. — A., all living in Point Judith, were

suddenly attacked about the same time and in the same way. All these but John K— were men in the prime of life and of robust health. They were copiously bled to allay the symptoms, and all but one of them died very shortly after.

Thos. B— was a man of such a resolute nature and determined will, that the doctor's malpractice, even with what little aid he got from the disease, was unable to dislodge his soul from the body. For many weeks or months B— was confined to his bed, and spent a good portion of the time in swearing that he was not yet ready to die, and, said he, "I'll be d—d if I do!" And he did n't; for he recovered and lived to a good old age, becoming much mollified in his nature in his latter years, and died highly respected.

The next winter several others were struck down with the *doctors'* mortal disease—which I think they named "dengue fever"—myself among others. A doctor chanced to be at the house when I was brought home, in an agony of pain and distressful breathing, exceeding in intensity anything I had ever before or have since experienced. I asked the doctor to prepare for me as quickly as possible fifteen grains of calomel. (Brandreth's pills would have been better, but I did not know of them at the time.) I swallowed the calomel whilst my bed and materials for sweating were preparing; but before it commenced to operate at all on my blood, the pain in my back and oppression for breath became so intense that it seemed impossible that I should be able to breathe long enough for the mercury to relieve it, and I asked the doctor to open a vein in my arm. I watched the flow of the black and all but clotted blood, well knowing that every drop lessened my chance of life. (I have since become satisfied that the bleeding might and should have been dispensed with.) So soon as the oppression for breath was slightly relieved, by drawing less than half a tea-cup full of blood, I ordered its

flow to be stanchd, put my feet into water as hot as I could possibly bear it, wiped them dry, and got into a warm bed, with hot bricks wrapped in flannel stowed close to each side. I then drank a tumbler full of sweetened water, made so hot that I could only sip it. (Weak lemonade would have been better had it been at hand.)

I was soon thrown into a profuse perspiration from head to foot, the calomel operating well, and the two stimulants acting in concert and in sympathy completely broke the congestion, and passed off the morbid matter in my system through the inward ducts and the external pores of the body, so that within twenty-four hours nothing but a disqualifying soreness in the small of my back remained, and after keeping my bed four days, and the house two days more, I was able to attend to my business as usual, although the doctor predicted a relapse if I left the house. I forgot to say that I drank a dose of warm salts and senna the morning after the calomel to remove its effects wholly from the system, and took nothing into my stomach through the day but water gruel, which should always be the regimen after taking any powerful cathartic. The doctor declared at the time that my case was as severe as one as any he had been called to.

Several attacks of the same malady occurred in the neighborhood after this ; but few, if any died, for the reason, as I supposed, that the lancet was no longer applied, to remove the effects at the expense of aggravating the cause of the disease.

I too have known of scores of cases wherein death without doubt has ensued in a most frightful form because of the attending physicians prohibiting the attendants of the sick from giving them what the cravings of nature prompted them to plead for. And I have also known of several instances wherein by accidental, or other causes, patients have obtained what they desired in these respects, and been restored to health, contrary to the expectations of both the doctors and their friends. For instance, the late M. W., a Newport lady, who was most highly respected by a

very large circle of acquaintances, told me that when a grown up girl she swallowed a copper coin, which caused a copious viscid-like humor in her throat and mouth, that finally assumed a most virulent and dangerous aspect. She had, as she told me, but one craving, and that was for a glass of old cider, which at times rendered her frantic. True to his educational theory, this, however, her physician denied her, believing, no doubt, that Nature was a "*liar and a cheat*" in thus flying into the face of the learned *faculty*. After a while all hopes of recovery were given over, and the physician left her solely in charge of her friends to administer to her comfort the best they could until death should relieve her. Nature's cravings had waxed feeble, but were not yet entirely extinct, and to render the sufferer more easy some hard cider was obtained, and given to her at intervals, when the worst symptoms of the disease abated, and she was, under that simple regimen, soon restored to her usual health.

Again, Mr. J. N. H., who managed some manufacturing concerns for me, was taken suddenly sick. At the time I was two hundred miles away, but on hearing he was not likely to recover, I went immediately to him. When I arrived, he had been gagging and hiccupping for some thirty-six or more hours, and was unable to take any sustenance whatever into his stomach to remain. I asked him if he did not crave some particular thing? He earnestly replied that he longed more than words could express for a draught of cold water drawn from the *bottom* of his well, but said that the doctor prohibited his drinking any water except a little at a time, after it had stood in a tumbler until it became so warm and stale that it went against his stomach to drink it. I told him that, as I then stood with the doctors, I should not dare to interfere, as in case of his death it might be charged by them on me, but that if I was in his situation, all the doctors on earth should not prevent my having the cold water! He replied that they should not hin-

der him if he could get it, but that his wife refused, in accordance with the doctor's directions, to give it to him, and he was not able to get it himself. I soon left, under the belief that his chances of life under the treatment he was receiving were very slight, but to my surprise I found on calling to see him on the next day that he was convalescent, and in fact nearly well. In explanation, he told me that directly after I left the house the previous day, the hired girl chanced to come into the room adjoining during the absence of his wife, when he peremptorily ordered her to bring him a pitcher of water drawn fresh from the well. The girl complied with his request, and he greedily swallowed all that a good-sized water-pitcher held, and never gagged from that time forward, but fell back on the pillow, and almost instantly went to sleep, awakening some hours after, refreshed and almost well.

In 1839 I returned home from a prolonged tour abroad, and, on going to a manufactory I owned in Newport, was told that a lad lay at the point of death in one of the tenements. Soon after I called to see him, and found him ominously picking the bed-clothing, and, to all appearance, too near his end to admit of the application of internal remedies. I immediately enlisted the services of a skillful man nurse, and furnished him with a very soft hair brush, which I directed him to use all over the body and limbs of the stripling, so far as he could bear it, until I came again. I called on the next morning, and found, by close examination, a tiny speck of moisture in the pit of the boy's stomach, which led me to hope, that by carefully nursing the spark of vitality that yet remained, his life might be saved. On inquiry I found that he had been for many days begging for lemon juice, which his physician, true to the faculty's instincts, that "Nature is a liar and a cheat," forbade being given to him. I well knew that if I interfered with the doctor the boy's death would be charged against me—provided that which seemed so imminent ensued. Nevertheless I determined that, let come

what would, the boy's longing should be granted, and immediately sent for the attending physician and two others—the most eminent in the town. I had, in the meantime, provided a lemon, and, when the three physicians came, asked them to give their assent as medical practitioners to what I proposed to do. They were all gentlemen, and conducted themselves handsomely, but refused to give their consent to the use of the lemon juice.

The three were in the house perhaps an hour, and held several private consultations, and, finally, just before their leaving, on my earnest solicitations, consented that the boy should have a little stewed quince, the medicinal quality and acid of which is probably as unlike that of the lemon as the extract of the potato-ball is like that of an orange. But then, Nature being a "liar and a cheat," &c., &c., what right had she or any other quack, like myself, to go counter to the dogmas of the learned faculty as laid down in their stereotyped books, which have resisted innovation almost from the beginning of the dark ages?

My resolution, however, was not to be shaken, and squeezing a little juice from the lemon into a teaspoon I gave it to the stripling with my own hand. Almost instantaneously the life-giving element that Nature so ardently craved mounted and visibly expressed itself in the boy's eyes. Small quantities of the lemon juice continued to be given at intervals for several days, when, the boy becoming decidedly convalescent, I left him to be nursed by his friends and turned my attention elsewhere.

The circumstances had almost passed out of mind, when, some weeks after, a pale-looking but smiling boy entered the office where I was sitting and walked directly up to me. "Oh," said he, "you do n't know how good that lemon juice did taste;" by which remark I recognized the sick stripling that *Nature* had so recently used for a *lying machine*, to the great annoyance and disgust—not to say discomfiture—of all diplomatic doctors of medicine.

And yet there might have been danger in giving the lemon juice *infudiciously*, under the circumstances, on the same principle that life may be extinguished by eating the very food, after a prolonged fast, that would have served only to nourish had it been partaken of in accordance with Nature's earlier promptings.

There is scarce any end to the instances wherein the lives of patients have been saved through the administering to them cold water at the most critical period of their disease, against the positive orders of their attending physicians, and God and the angels only know how many millions of lives have been sacrificed from the attendants of the sick obeying in this respect the commands of the doctor rather than Nature's appeals.

A lady friend has just narrated to me some of the particulars of a most distressful case of this kind, that once occurred at a summer boarding house in New York State where she was staying, wherein a little girl of some six or eight summers died whilst almost in the act of begging her natural protectors for water to quench her burning thirst. But it was all in vain. A diplomatic physician had ordered that not a drop should be put to her parched lips until it had stood long enough in a tumbler to become stale and lifeless. The poor child asked her parents "for bread, and they gave it a stone." She plead with all her little might to her father and mother for a cup of water drawn all fresh, elastic and sparkling with life-giving elements from the cool bubbling spring, and the weeping priest and doctor-ridden fools gave their dying daughter a lukewarm emetic instead. She died, as millions upon millions have died, not through the virulence of disease, but from the *diabolical* malpractice of diplomatic physicians, whose ideal of torture by thirst can nowhere be found except in the fire and brimstone flames of a mediæval orthodox hell.

Whilst the regular faculty are slow to adopt any improved methods of administering to the

sick that emanate from without their pale, they are nevertheless addicted to constant minor changes of practice within it.

Hence at one period we find them prescribing a *milk diet* for every conceivable malady. After awhile the *symptoms* of all human ailments (if we are to believe them) undergo a change, and milk being discarded, *fat mutton* is substituted.

Again, *cod liver oil* becomes their panacea, and still again, all these being dropped from their medical calendar, *Bourbon whiskey* is made the doctor's *cure-all*.

And again, no longer permitted through the presence of a sounder public opinion than formerly prevailed to mitigate pain, or oppression, or other symptoms of disease, at the expense of an aggravation of the cause through letting of blood, or of sufficiently stultifying the action of the vital forces by internal applications of morphia (through stomachs worn out by its frequent use) to produce in all cases a like effect, the faculty have of late years, seemingly through sheer inability to banish symptoms of disease by striking at and removing their cause, resorted to the stupid and hurtful expedient of benumbing the vital organs by injecting the poisonous opiate beneath the skin by means of a little *squirt-gun* or syringe invented for the purpose.

Still again, iron is declared to be the grand restorer of strength to the human system and tonic for the blood, forgetful or ignorant of the fact that by Nature's undeviating law no crude mineral can possibly assimilate with the blood of the animal kingdom until it has been first prepared and qualified by natural absorption through the sap (or *blood*) of the vegetable, the next kingdom of life in divine order beneath and in affinity with the animal, as the mineral kingdom is still next below and in like affinity with the vegetable.

A striking illustration of this ascending principle in Nature occurred in the experiences of the medical staff attached to the East India Company's troops some years ago, wherein a certain

phosphate had been proved to be a sure cure for a mortal disease incident to Europeans in India. The specific was costly, and the Company, tempted by its comparative cheapness, were induced to buy the article at other hands, not, however, before having it thoroughly tested and analyzed by the best of chemists, who could not detect the least difference in the two preparations. It proved, on actual trial, however, worse than useless, aggravating rather than diminishing the virulence of the disease that the original preparation was so efficacious in curing. On a thorough examination into the apparent mystery, the fact was elicited that the worthless phosphate was made from the crude mineral, whereas the life-saving specific was derived from the bones of animals into which, of course, the vegetable kingdom had entered on the ascending scale.

If instead of having the phosphates analyzed by a material chemist, they had been put into the hands of an unlearned clairvoyant, his controlling spirit physician from the higher *interior* plane of knowledge would at once have detected and explained not only the minute external difference in the two compositions that the earthly chemist could not detect, but shown also why the one would have ministered to the principle of life, whilst the other would have conveyed a savor of death.

Man being the last and most perfect of God's earthly creations, may be truly said to be an epitome of all things beneath him, including every specimen of the mineral as well as the vegetable kingdom. If from some cause any of the former become deficient in his organization, it is necessary that the natural want should be supplied, which the *materialistic* doctors vainly seek to do by a direct application of preparations of the crude mineral itself, which can only act as a temporary stimulant that tends in the end to weaken rather than restore the vitality of their patients. On the contrary, the clairvoyant physician, whose spirit vision sweeps at a glance throughout the whole realms of the

three kingdoms, selects therefrom the precise vegetable that most absorbs the mineral properties needed, and which after having been subjected to the refining process incident to vegetable absorption and growth, is thereby fitted not to *stimulate*, but to *assimilate* with the functions of animal life.

If, for instance, iron be lacking in the blood, preparations of the elderberry, which is largely impregnated with the properties of that mineral, will perhaps be prescribed by the *spiritual* physician, instead of the raw material itself—it being patent to his superior understanding that the latter can only stimulate and thereby weaken the natural forces, whereas the former will assimilate or enter into the circulation and strengthen them, and so on to the end of the chapter, each and every vegetable growth absorbing its appropriate mineral and other qualities adapted to the wants of animal life from the earth and that great receptacle of every element—the atmosphere that surrounds and circulates through all the climatic kingdoms of the world.

These are truths that *educated* minds are slow to learn, and, last of all, those who, being taught in medical schools, have imbibed false theories in the art of healing; for, as Buckle wisely observes, when the average mind has been led to adopt a false theory in youth, it is seldom that facts, however forcibly presented in after life, will suffice to overthrow it.

The truth of this aphorism is well illustrated in the case of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was bitterly controverted in its day by physicians forty years old and upward, for these were of the class of men referred to by that shrewd observer, Helvetius, in his remark that "He who is falsely learned, and has lost his reason when he thought to improve it, has purchased his stupidity at too dear a rate ever to renounce it."

We read that but few men of learning and science gave heed to the divine precepts of the unlettered Galilean, but that "the common people

heard him gladly." And why was this? Simply because the "ignorant man," as Helvetius also says truly, "is as much above the falsely learned as he is below him of real science, ignorance being the middle point between true and false learning." Consequently the *ignorant* man has nothing to do but to *learn*, whereas the *falsely* learned, before being fitted, are obliged to give up and unlearn all their pride of opinion and false theories before they can commence to *learn* the truth.

One of the latest and most startling inventions of the faculty in the art of healing that I have observed is the *stuffing* system, whereby they seek to restore their exhausted patient's strength by *stuffing* him full to repletion, the learned block-heads being seemingly unaware of the fact that all that is forced into the stomach beyond what the organs can digest and assimilate, tends to weaken rather than strengthen the functions of life.

A case in point recently transpired within my knowledge, that in enormity almost beggars belief, wherein a most estimable man was, in the last days of his life, under advice of his physicians, made to swallow, every twenty-four hours, all the boiled-down fluid that could be extracted from *twelve to fifteen pounds of beef*, the *whites of from ten to twelve eggs*, and *one quart of brandy*! However improbable, not to say impossible, this may seem, I will pledge my word to prove the fact to be as stated, if it be authoritatively denied.

This stuffing mode of cure, or rather method of killing, was probably conceived in the addle brain of some medical student who had observed how both the lank body and limbs of a rag-baby and the limp sausage-casing may be stiffened into lifelike form by filling the one to repletion with sand or sawdust and the other with minced-meat.

"Hence," argued the ingenious sprig of medical science, "if such be the effect produced by stuffing the rag-baby and hogs' intestines, why may not the same methods be applied with like results toward resuscitating and restoring to his

natural form the man whose intestines have from some mysterious cause, not as yet guessed at by the faculty, become as *limp* as the unstuffed sausage-casing, and his body as lank as that of an unfilled rag-baby?—Q. E. D.”

Probably the same brilliant brain conceived a method some physicians have adopted of staying the progress of cutaneous diseases by enclosing them in a *cordon* of paint, beyond which they cannot penetrate, *à la militaire*.

A habit rather peculiar to the faculty of instituting general rules from accidental and insufficient causes is well illustrated in the trite anecdote of the physician who, having prescribed a beef steak for fever both to an Englishman and Frenchman, one of whom died whilst the other recovered, entered on his note-book, “Beef steak cures an Englishman of fever, but kills a Frenchman.”

Not many years ago I perused a paper that was read before a medical society in a New England State by one of its most prominent physicians, wherein he claimed to have discovered a specific for the cure of tetanus or lock-jaw, (which nine times out of ten is caused by Dr. Morphine’s malpractice.) Before closing his discourse the doctor remarked that if there were any present who doubted the efficacy of his specific on the ground that the true nature of the disease might not have been fully established, and that some other malady than tetanus may have been present, that he could readily remove such apprehension, from the fact, continued the learned doctor, that whether there was or was not any other malady whatever present, the nature of the medicine he gave was such that it could not have failed to kill his patient outright had tetanus not been there. This shows how exceedingly careful and minute patients should be in describing their symptoms to diplomatic physicians, lest their malady be mistaken for tetanus, when unpleasant results would be sure to follow more speedily than might be desirable to those who had not become despairingly weary of this life.

If Spiritualists should conclude, as I sincerely hope they may, to inaugurate a movement to carry the war that is now being waged against them by the M. D.s "*into Africa*," and thus fight them on their own ground, I think one of the most vulnerable points of attack may be found in their business or professional dealings with the street corner druggists.

Although the criminal practices of the *faculty* have, through force of public opinion and influence of the more rational homeopath, hydropath and other *quack* physicians, been somewhat modified in these respects, still many can remember when the atmosphere of the sick room (as it now often is,) was rendered stifling with the smell of almost every "villainous compound" imaginable, emitted from the countless boxes, bottles and packages of drugs which the attending doctor had ordered, in visiting from day to day, under the real or convenient pretext of *change of symptoms*. In many if not in most instances, although it may not be often susceptible of proof, I have scarce a doubt that the physician who orders and the apothecary who furnishes these drugs are in reality confederates, and share the profits.

A friend in Philadelphia complained, not very long since, that, in a serious case of illness that occurred in his family, the principal anxiety evinced by the attending physician was lest the medicines he ordered might not be got from a designated apothecary.

Apart from thus criminally drugging their wretched victims to death for the sake of sharing in the spoils, the prepared medicines in the drug stores in New York, if we are to believe one of their own profession, used to be and are probably now compounded, in great measure, of stale and unmerchantable drugs and of the leavings and sweepings of the bottles and boxes on the shelves. Such, I have been told by the late Lewellyn S. Haskill, was the case when he himself instituted and in part accomplished a reform of the vile nuisance. Haskill also told

me that, on occasion of his going to France to procure certain vegetable medicines and drugs from first hands, the dealers manifested much surprise at his selecting the best qualities, and remarked that such had never been before ordered for the New York market.

It is now nearly forty years since that, while sitting in a merchant's office, in Pine street, New York, I accidentally heard it remarked that Dr. Brandreth had just been down town and purchased an invoice of seven thousand dollars' worth of aloes just as it was about to be re-shipped to Europe, because of its being of too excellent and high priced a quality to find purchasers among the druggists of the city. Impressed with the circumstance, I said that if this *quack doctor* compounded his pills with drugs too good in quality for the regular practitioners of medicine to use, I wanted to know more about them than I did! I accordingly purchased a box to experiment with, and have since bought and given away hundreds, and I may say thousands of the same, and thereby, as I believe, prolonging the lives of hundreds, besides relieving an incalculable amount of human suffering.

Nor do I hesitate to say, as I have often before said, that in case of absence from my family for a prolonged period, I would rather leave with them a few boxes of the world-wide famed, *genuine* Brandreth pills for their protection from sickness and death than that they should be deprived of these, and have instead unlimited access, *gratis*, to every regular-bred physician and drug shop in the land. And yet this is a *quack* medicine, that every upstart, conceited tyro of the *profession* affects to treat with contempt, and is striving by force of legal enactment to prohibit American fathers and mothers from administering to their own children under pain of fine and imprisonment!

Some years ago I heard a physician in *every* large practice tell a patient that Brandreth's pills were a *quack* medicine, made mostly (or entirely) of brown bread. This remark was

probably forgotten when at a subsequent time I heard the same doctor state that a cousin of his who lived in Philadelphia made thousands of boxes of counterfeit Brandreth's pills for sale of the aforesaid named harmless material. The deaths this lovely cousin of the doctor must have caused through thus feloniously insinuating the use of an innocent little ball of bread upon confiding patients for the life-restoring, genuine article, would probably be paralleled by the number of lives he might have saved had he successfully palmed his bread pills upon the regular faculty, as a substitute for the usual poisonous compounds with which they drug to death countless victims, who but for their malpractice would have been restored to health by the simple restorative healing power inherent in Nature, unassisted by any extraneous aid whatever.

Indeed, so far as my experience and observation enable me to judge, I have become pretty well satisfied that in estimating the value of the services rendered to mankind by the three professions, that, all other things being equal, where Doctors of Law do least preponderate there is the most harmony, where Doctors of Medicine are fewest there is the most health, and where Doctors of Divinity least prevail there is the most true religion, provided it be estimated by the divine rule of "*doing unto others as we would be done by.*"

"Brandreth pills" are an article that are largely used, not only in the United States, but I believe on every continent in the world, and no one can estimate the protracted cases of sickness and death that occur in consequence of the vast amount of counterfeit, as well as old, stale and worthless pills of the genuine stamp that are palmed on the public annually. The stale pills may be readily detected from the large quantity of dust in the boxes, but the counterfeit are frequently made to resemble the genuine so exactly in appearance, including the printed wrapper and stereotyped box, that none but an expert can detect the difference unless it be by actual experience of their effects.

Some few years ago I happened to be in an herbalist's shop in Newport, R. I., kept by Ephraim Irish, when a customer called for a box of Brandreth pills. After he had been served and had retired, I remarked that Brandreth's pills were worth more as a curative than all the medicines in the world beside! Said Ephraim, "They are a good pill." I immediately rejoined that I knew by his remark that he did not sell the genuine Brandreth pill, for no one acquainted with them could use so tame an expression in speaking of their virtues. On his producing a box, I could detect no difference, either in its external or internal appearance, from the genuine; but on learning that he bought the pills from second hands, at my suggestion a sample was sent to Brandreth & Co., corner of Broadway and Canal street, New York, for inspection. By due course of post, word was received that the pills were counterfeit. On my recommendation, Ephraim now enclosed three dollars to Brandreth & Co. and received in return the usual amount of pills by express. Up to this time he had sold but very few indeed of the article, but the demand for them soon increased five, ten, twenty, fifty and more than one hundred-fold, so that Ephraim's sales now probably average more per day than they did per year when he vended the spurious article. Instead of dismissing the subject with the remark that "Brandreth's pills are a good pill," Ephraim now never tires of expatiating on their merits, and says that throughout the whole country where his pills are used the doctor's buggy is seldom seen, they having seemingly put an end to the fall fevers and other kindred maladies that used, under their medical practice, to prove so disastrous to health and life.

Some few years ago I chanced to fall into conversation with a Mr. G., of Newport, whom I had before passed on several occasions in the street, and noticed that he was much emaciated, and walked with a feeble, unsteady gait. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that he had long been unable to attend to any business, and could

get no relief through medical treatment. I asked him if he had ever tried Brandreth's pills? He answered that he had not, and that he did not like them, he having at one time kept them for sale himself. I told him that I did not believe he had ever sold Brandreth's pills at all, for it was impossible that he should not have liked them if he had done so. As I expected, he told me in reply to my inquiries that he had his pills from a wholesale dealer in Providence. I have observed that such is the illogical character of most men's reasoning faculties, that when once they have been deceived with a counterfeit article, the genuine is made to share in the disgust it creates in their minds toward everything bearing the same name. For this reason I did not waste many words on Mr. G., further than to recommend to him a trial of the "genuine pills."

Some weeks after, whilst driving into town, I passed Mr. G., walking erect, and with a firm, elastic step. On my asking him for an explanation of the remarkable change in his appearance, he told me with great geniality and enthusiasm of manner and speech, that the words I had spoken to him on a former occasion had so impressed him that he immediately went to "Ephraim's" and got a box of his Brandreth's pills, the whole of which he took in doses, without their producing much, if any, apparent good effect. "My wife (said he) then advised me to try them no further; but I said that Mr. Hazard told me that they would help me if anything could, and I meant to give them a fair trial." He then went on to say that by the time he had taken the half of the second box the seat and cause of his prolonged chronic malady was reached and removed in one copious discharge through the bowels of the most feculent matter conceivable. "And," continued he, "I am now as straight as a *mackerel*."

Again, to guard unwary persons from being deceived by unprincipled and fraudulent dealers, I will say further, that I not long since hap-

joined into Irish's shop when a man was present who complained that Brandreth's pills were not uniform in their effect, the last box he had purchased having proved of little worth. I told him that I was not aware of any difference in the genuine pill, unless its virtues had been impaired by age, or that the reputed article was counterfeit. The man assured me that he knew his defective article must be fresh and genuine, for he had bought it in the shop where we then were. I noticed that Ephraim, who is generally genial and loquacious, was very taciturn on this occasion, and answered my queries mostly in monosyllables. On the other's leaving the shop I asked for an explanation. "I'll tell you, Mr. Hazard," replied the culprit, "that box of bad pills was one of a dozen that was returned to me for some I lent to Mr. — down street." Upon Mr. Irish's promising never to sell a *single* box of Brandreth's pills again that he did not receive straight from headquarters, I promised not to expose him near home for the crime against human health and life he had been accessory to on that occasion.

As in the case of G—, I could narrate scores of chronic cases of disease which it has taken repeated doses of the pills to cure, besides numerous instances of aged and debilitated persons, wherein an occasional dose of one or two have undoubtedly prolonged life, notably in the case of a most highly respected medical practitioner, who died not long since in Newport at a great age, and who assured me more than once that he attributed his unusual health at his advanced age to the occasional use, in small doses, of Brandreth's pills, a medicine that he assured me he recommended in the highest terms on every suitable occasion that presented itself. And yet this same man in earlier life was so steeped in the perverse prejudices incident to a medical education that he once told me, in the heat of controversy, that he would not give a patient of his a dose of Brandreth's pills, even though he was sure they would effect a cure whilst nothing else would!

As regards acute diseases, such as bilious and congestive fevers generally, bilious colic, dysentery, pleurisy, &c., I could narrate scores of instances wherein cures have been effected by the use of Brandreth's pills, accompanied by a sweat, in so marvelously short time that with ignorant people they might be deemed miraculous. Let one or two instances of these suffice :

Some years ago I was called upon by a friend to go and see a neighbor of his who was then prostrated with an attack of fever on the brain. It was dark and rainy at the time, and the way was devious, muddy and intricate, through a thick wood and swamp. I nevertheless went, equipped as usual with Dr. Brandreth in a side pocket. I found the man in bed, his face inflamed, and as red as *mahogany*, whilst like the wandering Falstaff in his last moments, he "babbled about green fields," &c. The sufferer was in the prime of life, possessing the constitution of two or three ordinary men, and as I looked upon him I absolutely laughed in his face, for I saw at a glance that he was just the subject that a Dr. Sangrado would have dispatched by a thrust of his lancet, or a Dr. Morphina with a dose of opium, just as certainly as if the one had drawn a butcher's knife across his throat, or the other dealt him an ox-felling blow with the head of an axe, all which went to prove to my mind that there was sufficient vitality and power in the man's constitution, with a little stimulus applied in the same direction nature was striving, to expel the morbid humors that had congested in the overcharged blood vessels of the brain, at one operation. The result proved that my merriment was not so absurd as some might think, for by the mere application of a powerful sweat, given after a fashion that appears elsewhere in these pages, and five or six of Brandreth's pills, the patient was so restored to his accustomed robust health that he was out on the afternoon of the following day attending to his farming pursuits as usual.

My attention was once called to the case of a

man verging on the chronic, wherein the foul humors in his blood had, for lack of other means of escape, concentrated, as is usual with fever-sores, (which are nearly always caused by mal-practice,) on his foot, from which there was a constant discharge of foul matter. He had, as I was told, been under medical treatment for some three weeks, and lay groaning with constantly increasing pain in his foot for a large portion of the time. His doctor seemed to rely mostly or exclusively on applications applied to the sore, which, though they might mollify and relieve the effects or *symptoms* of the complaint, could really no more reach its cause than the casting of the contents of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of the Nile could effect its waters for evil or good at their unknown source in the interior of Africa. It not being convenient to attend myself, I sent my usual prescription of Brandreth and the sweat by a trusty hand, who saw it faithfully administered, and as incredible as it may seem, I heard of the patient being a mile away from home on the next afternoon, chopping in the woods. The cause of his malady being removed, the effects were also simultaneously relieved, and the foot, though badly scarified, was no longer painful, and soon entirely healed.

For many years a priest and doctor-ridden family connection of mine (though, as it may be guessed, not bearing my surname) was prostrated periodically, every recurring fall, for several weeks, with the stereotyped fever that used, more than now, to be at that particular season so prevalent and profitable to the *faculty*. Although seemingly as fast anchored as Gibraltar in his faith in the doctors of every *learned* degree, his "poverty rather than his will" forced my friend at length to try Brandreth and the sweat at each annual returning bilious attack, which his doctor had been wont, after the manner of the faculty, to *nurse* into a confirmed fever, although unlike many of the more needy or avaricious members of his profession in this respect, he had always considerably abstained from reducing (through

drugging and starving) the strength of his patient to the typhoid point of debility, and thereby endangering his life. Hitherto besides his confinement to the bed and house for a month or so, my friend had been annually amerced some fifty dollars damages by his doctor for the trouble and expense for opiates and other medicines he had been subjected to in nursing his *symptoms* into a real case of sickness, and keeping him in the proper condition for *bleeding* at the pocket, until his bank account was sufficiently depleted, after which nature was left free to restore the sick man's health without the doctor's further medical prescriptions. But now under the change of treatment from that of the regular to the *quack* method of cure, my friend was forced to admit, however unwillingly, that he was annually spared not only the period of his usual confinement, but all his doctor's yearly bill of fifty or more dollars, save about two cents' worth of Brandreth's pills and the half of a lemon, which, with a spoonful of sugar, cost about as much more, say four cents in all.

This is not fiction, but sober fact, for uniformly for many years after, and until his death from other cause, the same result followed, and twenty-four hours of *quack* treatment sufficed to restore the doctor's patient of from twenty to thirty days' confinement to his usual health.

That there are many physicians in the old schools of medicine who greatly assist in alleviating the ills of mankind there can be no doubt, but then they are those whom good common sense, observation and experience, has taught to set aside in a great measure the rules of practice that are laid down in their medical *scriptures*. But after allowing for all the good done by these, I think the overbalancing suffering and evil that is inflicted on their patients by the thousands of tyros and dotards in practice, will reduce the general average of good done by the profession in the aggregate to less than *ought*, though it may be not quite so bad as the following anecdote has been used to illustrate :

A gifted clairvoyant, or "seer," was requested by an invalid gentleman to bring before his internal vision the spirit-forms of all the physicians of mature age in a foreign city he was about to visit for medical advice, together with the spirits of those who had immaturally died whilst under their individual professional treatment, that he might be able to select advisedly from the number. As a long line of physicians, more or less eminent in their profession, were described by the seer as passing before his vision, each attended by clouds of souls they had respectively dismissed prematurely from their mortal bodies, a venerable looking doctor was presented attended by two little spirits only. Overjoyed at the announcement, the invalid at once proceeded to the city and called on the doctor in question, whom he reverently addressed as the greatest and most renowned physician on earth! The old man stared in amazement at the stranger until the unwonted expressions of admiration of his world-wide fame as a most skillful physician were a second time repeated, when he exclaimed: "Why certainly, sir, there must be some mistake, for I never had but two patients in all my life!"

I can enumerate several instances of severe cases of fevers, and kindred acute diseases, that I have accidentally administered to simply with one, two or three doses of Brandreth pills, accompanied with a *thorough* sweat, whereby patients who had been prostrated for days and weeks were quickly rendered convalescent, and soon restored to full health and strength, the attendant physician making his daily visitations and prescriptions all the while, the last being unused, and quietly put out of sight for fear of giving offence to the family doctor.

Some few years ago two brothers in the prime of life who worked on my farm were suddenly seized with the bilious colic. One sent for a doctor, the other took seven of Brandreth's pills from my hand, which were accompanied with the usual sweat. They greatly alleviated the pain, which he said he could not have lived through

another half hour. It returned again in the afternoon, when a like dose of pills was repeated. The next afternoon the man went to work as usual, and in less than a week attended the funeral of his doctor-ridden brother. The two attacks were probably equally severe, but in the one case the symptoms (or pain) were *permanently* relieved by *removing* the cause, in the other case the symptoms were *temporarily* relieved at the expense of aggravating the cause, a mode of treatment that under some form or disguise pervades the practice seemingly of the whole profession.

Some few years ago I dined with a friend in one of our largest cities, where were present the three most eminent physicians of the place—all grown old and rich in money and in honor in the active practice of their profession. A young man in the house (an invalid) left his room to be present on the social occasion, but after tasting of some lettuce retired to his bed. Shortly after the attendant nurse announced that his head was feeling very badly, an attack of the brain fever being evidently imminent. One of the physicians immediately went to his room, but returned again after prescribing for *his symptoms*, which I learned was the application of a mustard plaster to the forehead. On learning what had been done I remarked, Here are present three physicians ranking among the most eminent in America, and yet I, who have never read a medical work or attended a medical lecture, will venture to say that scarcely anything worse could have been done for that young man than the applying a mustard draft to his head, which, though it may by opening the pores of the skin produce temporary relief, will also draw on the morbid matter and ill humors in the blood, and cause them to concenrate and congest in the intricate blood vessels in the region of the brain; adding that if the poultice had been put to the feet its action would have been in the direction of life, whereas it must work in an opposite way where it was then placed.

Shortly after, the doctor who was first called me turned to the sick room and quietly ordered the poultice to be taken from the head, and drafts put to the feet instead. I have held that physician in honor ever since for thus acting up to his convictions, though contrary to his general practice, and when these were inspired by the suggestions of a quack.

It is a great mistake to suppose that each particular malady as named in the books requires specific treatment. On the contrary, the greater part of the acute diseases that prevail spring from like causes, viz., impurity of the blood, and only appear to be different because of their accidental location. When the blood becomes surcharged with morbid matter beyond what it can freely circulate it begins, just as extraneous matter does in a water-course, to lodge, or congest, at points that by accidental or other cause have become most vulnerable or difficult to pass. If, for instance, it begins to congest in the brain it engenders brain fever; if in the pleura, it takes the type of what is called pleurisy; and so on to the end of the chapter, there being merely a distinction without a difference. The pain or oppression that ensues is merely a way Nature has of calling for assistance to help her expel the life-destroying matter from the blood through the only avenues of escape possible, viz., the internal and external ducts of the body. If these be opened and the full flow of life forces acting through the blood be stimulated by a proper cathartic and sweat before the congestion has hardened into tumor, the "perilous stuff" may be readily dislodged and ejected from the system at one operation, and the patient be restored at once to his usual health. But if Nature's vital forces be crippled by drawing from the veins the most active and best portions of the blood (as the lancet is sure to do) before the stimulating internal and external applications have fully done their work, Nature is balked in her efforts to expel the disease, a collapse in the direction of death takes place, the congestion hardens into tumor, the

blood vessels become surcharged with a mass of corrupt and corrupting matter, which at each renewed attempt of the ignorant physician to alleviate with the lancet the increasing pain or oppression, by relaxing the organs or functions of life, still more and more aggravates the cause, until, exhausted by the conflict, Nature abandons the contest, and the lethargic and bewildered patient sinks down into a typhoid or other equally alarming state or type of debility.

More insidious than blood-letting, but scarcely less disastrous in their effects, is the using of opiate drugs, such as morphine and other preparations of opium, to relieve pain and oppression and other symptoms of disease, which, through the subtle, poisonous qualities inherent in them all, neutralize the power of the active stimulants I have named, and, through stupefying the forces of the body, both mental and physical, disqualify Nature from doing her full work almost as effectually and fatally as does the lancet.

As *apropos* to this part of my subject, I will here insert a paragraph that has just fallen in my way, that expresses more clearly than I can do the idea I have before enlarged upon, viz., that the use of opiate medicines in *all cases*, I care not of what kind, always relieves the patient *only* through the hastening him *onward*, not in the direction of life but of DEATH !

"Sleep produced by narcotics or so-called sedatives, says the London Lancet, is poisoned. Their use gives the persons employing them an attack of cerebral congestion, only differing in amount, not in kind, from the condition which naturally issues in death. There is grave reason to fear that the real nature of the operation by which these deleterious drugs, one and all, bring about the unconsciousness that burlesques natural sleep, is lost sight of or wholly misunderstood by those who have free recourse to poisons on the most frivolous pretences, or with none save the exigency of morbid habit. Great responsibility rests on medical practitioners, and nothing can atone for the neglect of obvious duty."

Inflammatory maladies may, in some respects, be properly likened to a mine of powder, upon the surface of which men may sport and even sleep with impunity, until, by accident or design, a spark is communicated to the mass, "when

comes the deluge." So a man frequently walks about, apparently strong and well, whilst his whole system is wrought up to an inflammable condition of tension that requires but a draft of cold air or the scratch of a pin to precipitate the elements of disease on the exposed part, and bring him, on the instant, face to face with death.

I remember when, perhaps some forty years ago, John T. N——, of Kingston, R. L., (of whom it might almost be said, as Isaak Walton said of the strawberry, that God doubtless might have made a kinder-hearted and better man, but he never did,) whilst working with his saddler's needle, merely pricked his finger, when inflammation of the whole arm quickly ensued. Dr. Sangrado attended with his lancet, and in a few days the body of his *bled-to-death* patient and victim was consigned to the grave.

A few days after, a poor woman living about a mile away from Kingston, scratched her finger slightly with a briar, when her arm, too, swelled up to twice or more its usual dimensions. Sangrado quickly appeared with his lancet, and was of course followed by the undertaker and gravedigger in double-quick time.

I was then making my home in New York City, but was informed concerning both these cases, and at once said that the defuncts owed their death to the doctor's lancet rather than to the disease.

Having occasion to visit South Kingston shortly after, I stopped at the Town Hill post office for letters, on my way to Peacedale. The office was kept at the time by Benjamin H——, whom I found sitting by the fire with his arm in a sling swelled to an unwonted size from his fingers to his shoulder. Asking the cause, he showed me a little break on the skin of one of his fingers, which he said was the cause of his arm's swelling, as I saw. I needed no further explanation, and if I did, his woebegone and all but lifeless countenance was a sufficient answer. He evidently expected death; had given up to die, and was then actually dying inch by inch! I asked

him what treatment he was receiving? He told me that *Dr. Sangrado* attended, and had bled him some two or more times. I sprang in my excitement to my feet and said, "*Ben*, if you want to live, keep that doctor out of your house, for he will certainly kill you if you do not." I went on to say to him that there was no cause for his not recovering even then, (after his veins had been so depleted of their best blood,) and that if he would take my advice, he might yet get well. The confidence and assurance that accompanied my words seemed to have a magnetic effect on the sufferer; he accepted my advice and took the remedies I prescribed, (a powerful cathartic and sweat.) He was a very temperate man in all things, and had naturally a good constitution, which the doctor's lancet had not yet quite conquered, and in a few days Benjamin H.— was about his business, and as well as usual.

I forgot to say in its more appropriate place that in cases of bad cuts, punctures and bruises it is always safest to take a dose of Brandreth pills or other blood-cleansing cathartic, in order to promote a speedy cure, and as almost an infallible remedy against lockjaw, provided care is taken not to expose the wound so as to take cold. It is really astonishing how readily such wounds will heal under proper treatment, provided the blood is in a pure, healthful condition.

Some years ago I struck the full blow of a sharp hatchet on a short piece of wood I held in my hand so that it cut the end of my forefinger on the lower joint to the very bone. I stopped not to look at or talk about the wound, but immediately, and before it had time to sear in the least, wrapped it up tightly with my handkerchief, holding one end of the same in my hand, and went on to finish the job I was engaged in. Some hours afterward, when I went home, I asked my mother for a linen rag to wrap it up with permanently, when, on removing the handkerchief, I was surprised to find that not a mark of the wound was visible, although a slight ridge did

utes after, the wound was wrapped up tightly in a linen rag, and so remained until the finger was healed, without pain, and without anything further being done to it than occasionally moistening it with Medford New England rum. The nail also grew on again in proper form, and is now as clear and transparent as my other finger nails, all of which, notwithstanding my rough usage of them, are as perfect and *pretty* as a baby's.

Bruises may be as readily healed when the blood is in good order as cuts of the flesh. All that is necessary to be done is to bandage them *immediately* and keep wet with warm salt and vinegar until the tendency to inflammation is entirely checked, and then keep the bandage moist with New England rum.

I could rehearse many instances of the worst kind of bruises that have been entirely healed by this simple process, without cost and without pain, but will let one suffice. Some years ago I accidentally placed my little finger in the crack of a heavy door just as it was about to swing down from the opposite way. The upper joint was crushed almost as flat as a nickel penny, and when I extricated it by having the door again lifted on its hinges (which was dreadful) the finger lay on the back of my hand. With scarce a moment's delay I went to my house, (which was near by,) manipulating and putting the fragments of my broken finger in shape as well as I could whilst I was on the way. Some warm salt and vinegar and a suitable bandage were at once applied to the wound, and within fifteen minutes I was out again with my left hand in a sling attending to my farming business. After some days I moistened the bandage with New England rum instead of salt and vinegar, which has a wonderful conservative virtue. Strange as it may seem, the bones united again together, so that with the exception of a little shortening of the upper joint the finger looks the same as its fellow on my right hand, although not quite so strong; nor did I suffer the loss (as I think) of a minute's

sleep in consequence of the accident, or any further pain than that experienced in extricating the wounded member from the door and a slight grumbling sensation whilst the bones were knitting together.

To prevent inflammation in bruises and other wounds the salt and vinegar must be applied *instantly*, or before there has been time for inflammation to commence.

In these respects the human flesh accords with that of other animals. Take a piece of fresh pork, for instance, and bury it in salt or brine and it will remain pure and sweet for months or years; but let the same be tainted *with inflammation* in the least degree, and all the salt on earth will not make it whole again. So with the human's wound. Salt and vinegar will if applied early prevent inflammation commencing in a bruised wound, but all in the world will not drive it away after it has once begun. In that case suppuration must take place, and a destruction and removal of the old flesh follow before the wound can be made whole by the formation of the new, a process that is as often tedious and painful as it is with proper care wholly unnecessary in most instances.

One of the most fatal maladies in the hands of the faculty is scarlet fever, rivaling the small pox in respect to actual mortality, and far exceeding that dreadful disease in the vast numbers that through the malpractice of the regular M. D.s become blind, lame, decrepit, idiotic, and are otherwise rendered burdens to themselves and friends.

Under a skillful hydropathic treatment, however, I know by experience that scarlet fever is robbed of nearly all its terrors, and yet the doctor's law of New York practically prohibits such treatment of any of its citizens under pain of fine and imprisonment.

Should the especially privileged M. D.s, however, succeed in breaking up the water cure establishments in New York, and the banishing of their conductors, I hope there will be some

fathers and mothers left remaining in the State who will prefer braving the terrors of the law rather than to subject their children who may be attacked with scarlet fever to the tender mercies and malpractice of these allopaths, especially as I know by experience that it does not require a regular educated doctor of any kind to apply the cold water treatment successfully, though it may be in an imperfect form.

Many years ago a child of mine was attacked in New York with scarlet fever, and treated by two eminent homeopath physicians, but which nevertheless died on the seventh day of her illness.

Since then, I have had four cases in my family which I treated myself without the aid of any regular-bred physician, all of whom recovered without injury to their general health, although two of the cases were of the severest kind. My mode of treatment was mainly as follows, modified and varied at times through advice of my spirit friends:

Throat freely gargled with salt and vinegar.

Linen compress wrung out in water, (say seventy degrees temperature,) pretty hard, and kept constantly round the throat, well covered with several thicknesses of flannel.

Sheet wrung out *hard* in water of seventy degrees. Two blankets laid on the bed. The wet sheet on top of these. When fever is high, lay the patient on this damp sheet, wrap it quickly round the body and limbs, and cover warm with the blankets and others added on top well tucked in, and let lie from fifteen to thirty minutes, when an eruption ought to appear on the surface. Repeat the packing as often as the eruption strikes in, and the fever is high, taking care to keep the patient well covered from cold in the intervals of packing.

This treatment, attended with proper cooling regimen and care, carried all my four children safely through, as I think the same method would most others. It has this advantage, also, that no drugs are required, and parents in New York might, in spite of the law, pretty safely administer the remedy to their children, in an upper

room at home, without incurring serious risk of being discovered and *haled* to a mediæval prison in this land of freedom for the dire offence, by the doctors of medicine or their minions.

I have known for more than thirty years two miserable, idiotic objects (brothers), who were, when boys, as bright as others, but, through the malpractice of a diplomatic doctor, were reduced to this sad condition, ostensibly by scarlet fever, but really by the allopathic mode of treating it. As long as the mother of these poor objects lived she cared for all their daily and nightly wants, and fed them out of a spoon with her own hand, an office which the father has now to perform or provide for. There are thousands of equally pitiable cases in the land, produced by like causes, the contemplation of which I trust may fire what blood of '76 is left in New York veins this centennial year, and make its more liberal citizens brave the perils of confiscation and imprisonment rather than thus suffer their children to be condemned to a life of torture worse than that which was endured by their fathers in the cause of liberty, when imprisoned in the fetid hold of the Jersey prison ship.

I have dwelt more largely in these pages on methods of healing rather outside the line of the Spiritual Philosophy, not because I deem them better by any means than those of our clairvoyants, but because I think they may be more readily accepted by the people at large, and because I feel assured that, faulty as they are in comparison with the modes of healing that were practiced nineteen centuries ago by Jesus and his disciples, and continue to be in our day by many spiritual healers, I still believe them infinitely superior to the wretched systems of cure that are taught in medical schools.

As for myself individually, I confess that I would rather abide by the medical advice of such spirit doctors as prescribed through the late John C. Grinnell of Newport, R. I., and who now prescribe through the mediumship of Dr. John Ladd of No. 332 West 23d street, New

York, (whose magnetic power of healing is probably not excelled,) and that of Mrs. Belle K. Hoyt of 326 High street, Providence, R. I., (whose liniment for the restoration of defective eyesight, and medicines for the cure of dyspepsia, the humors of the blood and paralysis, I consider from personal knowledge and experience to be invaluable,) than to rely on any other class of physicians that now or ever have practiced the art of healing outside the spiritual ranks, not excepting Galen, Hunter and Abernethy.

I will here just say in passing that the case of Charles O'Connor, the eminent New York lawyer, affords a striking instance of cure from a mortal distemper through the "laying on of hands," which has always been recognized and practiced in the Roman church, although the gift was very long since monopolized by the hierarchy, and then as now prostituted to the furtherance of superstition in the masses, who, in the language of scripture, "go wondering after the Beast," or *Priest*, and to the aggrandizement of church dogma and power.

It may be seen from the following extract from the New York Herald, that Mr. O'Connor had gone beyond the reach of medicine, or even that great panacea of the "stuffing" order of doctors, "beef tea," but was nevertheless afterwards raised as it were from the dead, and restored speedily to health by the "laying on of hands," through the ministration of a Catholic healing medium, whose natural or divine power and mode of procedure was the same as that now practiced by Mrs. Rockwood, Mrs. Willis Fletcher, Mrs. Dwinells, Mrs. Nickerson-White, Mrs. Carlisle-Ireland and scores of other equally reliable spirit mediums in Boston and elsewhere, who might, had they lived a few centuries ago, been doomed to the stake for performing the same acts of mercy that would have exalted the *Holy Church* medium who cured O'Connor to a saintship in the pantheon of Rome:

"Mr. O'Connor, at half-past twelve this morning, was in a more feeble condition than heretofore. He was in a drowsy state during the day, and would not converse with

his relatives in his customary manner. During the early part of the evening Cardinal McCloskey visited him and administered words of consolation to the dying man, and the latter conversed with him for a few moments. After the Cardinal had taken his departure Mr. O'Connor again sunk into a slumber, from which he was not aroused until nine P. M., when Dr. Keyes, his medical attendant, arrived. Dr. Keyes talked with him at some length, and in the course of his conversation recommended Mr. O'Connor to take some beef tea or beef juice, which he thought would strengthen him materially. Mr. O'Connor flatly refused to take anything but toast water."

The versatility of mediumistic gifts possessed by the late John C. Grinnell was most remarkable. Among not the least of these was his extraordinary ability to eradicate and cure cancer, in which department he was as successful as the Sweets are in setting dislocated and broken bones.

By my request Grinnell gave me, some years ago, the following account in writing of the manner in which he obtained his knowledge of the subject:

"In the year 1855, on the 12th of June, I was sitting in my room alone, when a spirit appeared to me in the shape of a person, saying that he was when on earth a German doctor by the name of *James Albert Starkie*, and that he then extracted cancers and tumors with a vegetable gum that came from the western coast of Africa, which he said I could get by sending for it. He then gave me both the Latin and African names for the gum, and told me of the effects it had on cancerous flesh, but I having but little faith paid no attention to the communication until some time during the next year, when I was induced, through the repeated importunity of the spirit, to make an effort to get the gum. Chancing to be acquainted with *Capt. William T. Pettipiece*, who was about to sail from New York to different parts of the African coast, I engaged him to ascertain whether there was anything of the name to be found in the places he might visit. On his return in 1857 he brought me the gum put up in cocoa-nut shells, which he found (I think in Liberia) bearing the same African name given it by the German doctor.

"The spirit then told me how to apply it to

cancers and tumors in plasters, combined with two other chemicals which he named. I have tried the plaster ever since, and have found it to be highly efficacious in almost every case. I send you some of the names of persons out of eighty-one for whom I have extracted cancers and tumors, and always with complete success, except in two instances, one of which, that of Mrs. C., you know of. I can give you the full address of all the persons I have operated upon if you wish me to."

I knew of a Mrs. A. in Newport who told me that she had a large cancer in her breast, which had been cut out by a doctor several times, but constantly returned, until she applied to Grinnell, who in a few weeks entirely cured it, and restored her health.

Again, I had repeatedly advised a Mr. H., (who lived on a farm of mine, and whose father had died of cancer,) to get Grinnell to remove a tumor that had been making progress on his nose for some one or two years, telling him that if he did not it would probably shorten his life. It growing more and more painful, Mr. H. finally went to Grinnell, but whilst on his way he chanced to fall in with a regular M. D., who facetiously remarked that if he would call on him after he got through with the "quacks," he would extract his cancer for him with a knife. Mr. H. was not, however, to be deterred by a "*regular bred*" in a State like Rhode Island, in which there was no law to compel *lay* citizens to submit to the *ipse dixit* of a privileged class, and kept on his way. Grinnell operated, and drew from Mr. H.'s nose a cancer as large as a marble. With the usual restoratives recommended by the German spirit for purifying the blood, the wound soon healed, without—strange as it may seem—leaving an *observable* scar.

I know also of a Miss R., who lived at the time near me, from whose wrist Grinnell extracted a cancer as large as a butternut.

All Grinnell's *mighty* works were done without it ever seeming to occur to him that anything

worthy of special note had been accomplished—being, in these respects, very much like the Sweet natural bone-setters. As an illustration of this phase in Grinnell's character, I will state that I was once sitting and conversing with him on indifferent subjects, when a young farmer, a Mr. P., came into the room and sat down near us, without apparently attracting the notice of his host at all. After a somewhat prolonged pause had occurred in our conversation, the miraculous cancer-curer turned to the young man and, looking inquisitively at his under lip, said, "What have you done with them?" whereupon Mr. P. drew from his pocket, wrapped in a paper, two cancerous tumors, of the size of small walnuts, that had been drawn by the African salve from his nether lip.

I was well acquainted with the case of the Mrs. C. that Grinnell sets down as one of his two failures, but which, in reality, ought to have been accredited him as a most remarkable cure.

I was called upon by Mrs. C., who wanted to raise twenty-five dollars, that she might pay a doctor in New York to cut a cancer from her breast, on which he had already operated twice in the same way. In answer to my suggestions, Mrs. C. told me that she knew the cancer would eventually kill her, but hoped that if she could have it taken out once more she might be able to work some months longer for the maintenance of her aged parents, who lived with her, and were both past work.

I finally induced the sufferer to take lodgings near Grinnell, myself and sister becoming responsible for her weekly board. I was shown the cancer before the first plaster was applied. It was the most horrid malignant sore that I ever looked upon, of about the size of a small saucer, and having five distinct angry looking heads. After a few weeks' treatment four of these heads entirely disappeared, as well as all the foul diseased flesh, excepting what was concentrated in a space round the remaining head about the size of a nickel cent. With the exception of this

spot, which was daily decreasing in virulence and size, a complete new coat of flesh and transparent skin had formed over the diseased portions of the breast, and it was pretty apparent that the patient was moving in rapid progress on the road to health, when she was seized with an earnest desire to go to the assistance of her parents again. Against this Grinnell's familiar spirit, the German doctor, remonstrated, saying that if the convalescent went to work whilst the muscles and blood vessels connected with the wound were weak and unsupported, fatal results might ensue. Mrs. C. however refused to listen to advice, and went home to work, when, as had been told her might very probably happen, a blood vessel broke in or near the remaining cancerous head, and the poor woman bled to death.

And this is one of the two instances that occurred in his practice that Grinnell sets down as a failure! What regular-bred M. D. is there in the whole world, let me ask, that can narrate a *single* instance wherein his *knife*-operation on a malignant cancer ever approached so near to a *cure* as did this *failure* of the unlearned clairvoyant physician? I say *unlearned*, for I have heard Grinnell say that he never attended school but from three to six months in his life, and that was before he was eight years old.

Had Grinnell, as an instrument of the angels, performed his thousands of wonderful cures at the present day in the State of New York as he did in Rhode Island, his healing of cancers alone would have rendered him liable to no less than *eighty* criminal indictments, and as he never had fifty dollars in all his life with which to pay a fine, the ignorant apostolic healer would in all probability, had the law been enforced, have ended his days, as thousands of men of his class have done (or worse), in prison!

In a letter to the writer, Grinnell says, "I practiced for years in Fall River without any remuneration except the consolation of my being made an instrument to benefit hundreds of peo-

ple, and I have continued to practice with little remuneration up to the present time. I have, during the last fourteen years, kept an account of about thirteen thousand patients that I have examined, and I do not think there have been to exceed ten out of the whole number who have not expressed themselves satisfied with my diagnosis of their ailments."

I could probably collect narrations of cures performed by Grinnell through the "laying on of hands" that would fill volumes, but will forbear, further than to narrate one of the many novel methods that his angel directors practiced.

At a time when it was supposed by many that I was smitten with a malady that must prove mortal, Grinnell, whilst in an entranced condition, placed a glass of water on a table and made several passes over it with his hands, which to me appeared to be a work of folly. He then handed me the tumbler and asked me to take an occasional swallow of the water whilst he made passes with his hands over my head and face, as was his usual custom. The weather was very cool, and Grinnell's exercise was too light to cause perspiration, but as I sat with my head bent downward, occasionally supping the water, I observed drops falling on the floor, and on looking up saw the medium's face entirely suffused from the tip of the forehead to the chin with copious perspiration. In answer to my look of surprise the controlling intelligence said, "With this magnetized water I will expel the fever from your body, and pass it off through the medium's pores."

But few men probably have suffered more through the wretched malpractice of the regular faculty than the late John C. Grinnell! I knew him personally for some years before his mediumistic powers were developed. He was then a helpless cripple, dependent mostly on charity, and had to be lifted from bed to chair and back again in the same way.

At the age of fourteen his widowed mother placed him on a farm, where he worked by the month until his seventeenth year, when he was

taken sick. In a letter to the writer dated Feb. 26th, 1870, Grinnell says :

"The sickness and medicine produced inflammatory rheumatism, which rendered me nearly helpless. The calomel I took caused dropsy of the blood, a stiffness of the joints, and I continued to grow worse under medical treatment until nearly every bone and joint in my body were drawn from their proper places. At the end of about six years' treatment the doctors left me with my limbs and feet so swollen that every time I moved it seemed as if they would burst asunder. I was not able to get up at all, or move without help ; my heels were drawn nearly into my back, and my head and chin were drawn to my chest. My left arm was helpless and very sore ; my right hand was so doubled up that I could not use it either. I was not once dressed for nearly a year, as my flesh was so sore that I could not bear the weight of my clothes."

This part of Grinnell's letter contains a fair sample of the results that follow on the heels of the regular M. D.s' opium and calomel and jalap practice in countless instances.

Let us now turn the table a little, and gather from Grinnell's narrative the results he experienced from the New York "fine and imprisonment" order of healing :

Commencing where I just left off, Grinnell continues :

"In this state I remained until the good angels came and delivered me. Before this I had grown to be a hard, cold atheist, feeling that the God of the universe, if there was one, had thus left me to suffer, and this caused my unbelief. But in 1856 the power and influence of unseen angels came upon me, first by tipping the stand, and next by controlling my hand to write.

"Before this last event I could not feed myself, but after they got control of my hand I could use it to cut my food and eat with.

"Not long after, a spirit, purporting to be 'Samuel of old,' came and used my hand to write a letter to a lady in Fall River, whom I had never

before heard of, by the name (as the spirit said) of Phebe Shelling, in which he told her that if she would come to Newport she might help me. The day after this she came to me, whereupon, as soon as she opened the door, 'Old Samuel' entranced her, and at once commenced operating on me, saying that he could and would make me walk.

"This was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Miss Shelling worked over me about twenty minutes, and on the next morning I got up and dressed myself, which I had not done before for seven years.

"By 'Old Samuel's' advice I went to Fall River and staid where Miss Shelling could treat me every day, and in seventeen weeks she so straightened my limbs that I measured thirteen inches in height more than I did when she began her ministration, and could walk without crutches, which I had not done for many years, and I could travel about nearly as well as ever."

Had "Samuel of old," the former great judge in Israel, pitched his tent in New York, instead of Newport, when he thus came down from heaven to undo the *handiwork* of the legalized doctors, he would clearly have laid himself liable to indictment, and could he have been caught and held by the sheriff, must, by force of law, have been sentenced by a brother of the New York bench to imprisonment in the Tombs, and perhaps be compelled to occupy the same bed with Tweed, the great Boss and patron saint of the *Bowery boys* and other roughs, thieves, criminal lawyers, robbers and cut-throats, that so abound in *Gotham*. So true it is that "misery sometimes makes strange bedfellows."

Death has removed John C. Grinnell beyond the reach of medical or other persecutions, so that he has nothing to fear. Not so, however, with the writer of a letter I have recently received from a spirit healer who resides in the State of New York, detailing and admitting himself to be guilty of some of the most flagrant crimes ever practiced against the medical profes-

sion, that might, if I were to make the culprit's name public, subject him to imprisonment for life, as it is evident by his own confession that he never had half money enough at any one time to discharge the fine and cost of prosecution that would be adjudged against him in New York, in case some M. D. or other emissary of evil were to prefer a complaint against him for healing disease through the "laying on of hands," to the great detriment of the regular doctors, whom the wisest of them admit kill, through the administration of poisonous drugs and other fatal *so called* remedies, at least nine patients where they *help* to cure one. This foolish apostolic healer, who really seems to know little or nothing of the value of money, says:

"I have spent some twenty-four years of my life in the blessed cause of mediumship, free to all at all times, and for some thirteen years I was used as a healing medium (and am yet as far as my age will admit, being now in my seventy-fifth year), and in that capacity I traveled thousands of miles, and bore my own expenses free to all. If offered anything, I took it, but if not, I went along just the same without it. I also prescribed for patients at any distance without charge, and this whilst I was dependent upon days' labor as a mechanic for my living.

"My companion having passed over the river, I am now making it a home with my daughter in one of the most cold and frozen regions of sectarianism that I know of for many miles around. But by some means it came to the knowledge of some persons in the neighborhood that I sometimes visited the sick, and I was called upon by a young lady whose life was despaired of. One of her hands was inflamed and swollen from the ends of the fingers half way to the elbow, and she lay very sick. After making passes over her person a few moments she revived so as to manifest cheerfulness. The swelling all left her hand, and she could open and shut it freely.

"I called again the next day, when I found that her left limb had become very much inflamed,

was an old one. On making passes with my hands over a few cases that situated the swelling, a few minutes and everyone all passed away, and I was able to go to my bed and sleep, and was able to go to my bed and sleep.

"I am now at work by the laying on of hands, and I have seen many cases of cancer, and I have seen many cases of cancer, and I have seen many cases of cancer. Among them is a woman who has been under the treatment of the doctors of medicine for many years, and who still goes to the doctor, or at least to the doctor.

"In one case after I commenced making passes with my hands over her she went on fast a few days and was cured.

"It would not be prudent for me to tell you a list of the remarkable cures that I have made through the application of my hands; but I have seen many cases enough to show you that the word of God is true in this region in spite of the world.

Should I have disclosed anything in the above extracts that may lead to a recognition of the word of God by any Spiritualists, I trust they will not expose him to the rage of the diplomatic doctors, for he is just the character that would cause them to gnash their teeth and cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" even though it should be a necessity that every Barabbas and homicide in the State should be permitted to go free in order to accomplish their object.

By way of illustrating this dreadful tendency in the human mind, and to show that it prevails in our day as strikingly as it did in Judea when Jesus performed his mighty works through power of the Holy Ghost and the "laying on of hands," I will say that I happened to be in Newport on the very day that Dr. J. R. Newton, some years ago, first opened a house in that place for the healing of diseases after the old apostolic fashion. The long street leading to the house was thick with cripples and other ailing persons, the Old Colony Railroad having put on its route

several extra cars to meet the increased demand made by the great increase of passengers on that day. The city seemed on the occasion to be absolutely taken by storm and surrendered at discretion, and no one ventured to deny the verity of the wonderful cures that the doctor performed. As I stood talking by the door of his shop with a strong Methodist of the city, I observed him to fix his attention intently on an approaching stranger and follow him with his eyes after he had passed. "Well," said he, "that beats me; I saw that man driven by here in a wagon not an hour ago with a crutch on each side of him, and now he is walking back without them!" (or words to that effect.)

D. G., as good authority as any man in Newport, and who by-the-by is not a Spiritualist, told me that he was at the dépôt when the cars came in from Fall River, and saw an old man take his wife (as he supposed) in his arms and lay her on a mattress in an express wagon, which drove off toward Newton's, and a short time after, as he stood in the door of his store, he saw the same couple walk briskly by arm-in-arm, as cozy and happy, apparently, as two kittens.

I went to the doctor's healing infirmary, and found not only the house but the yard swarming with patients. The room in which he was operating was literally packed—the ailing coming in at the front door and passing out at the back, in some instances benefited, and in many entirely healed by a few passes of the healer's hands.

I chanced to fall in with one of the most cultured and fashionable ladies of Newport, who was allied to a regular M. D. She, as did all others I talked with, confessed to the verity of the mighty works that were being done by her fellow townsman, but, said she—her eyes gleaming at the time with demoniac fire—"Why don't he cure as other doctors do?" This lady was as gentle as a lamb by nature, and yet when under the influence of religious hate and bigotry it was evident that she would have as readily stood by and consented to the modern

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It is refreshing, however, to find that there are some exponents of the religious press who seem to ignore the religious aspect, should such exist. I have now before me the "Religious Herald," printed in Richmond, Virginia, wherein its enlightened Baptist editor denounces in able terms a *disrupt* bill that has recently been presented in the Virginia House of Representatives, that is even more stringent in its requirements than that of New York. As near as I can understand its provisions, the bill prohibits not only *quacks* from practicing medicine in Virginia, but all regular diplomated M. D.s whose residence is outside of the State lines, unless they come to Richmond in connexion with all other medical candidates and pay for a license that is to be granted on certain conditions by an Examining Board, says the editor of the Herald, to "consist of seven members, two of whom shall be appointed by the Governor, one by the Faculty of the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, one by the Faculty of the Medical College of Virginia, and three by the Medical Society of Virginia. A controlling majority of the Board is to be appointed by the Medical Society, or by schools in affiliation with it. Of what avail would be the appointment of one or two homeopaths on the Board by the Governor? They would be in a hopeless minority, and compelled to sit in consultation with physicians that withhold from them the ordinary professional courtesies. This the Doctor calls liberality."

Another most remarkable feature of this bill is that the Examining Board is not to question candidates on their mode of practice, thus surrendering as it would seem all the boasted knowledge of sound medical practice that the ignorant lay masses have been made to believe has been so long accumulating in the diplomatic colleges.

A recurrence, however, to the quality of the members that are to compose the Examining Board will be enough to convince the reader that should the bill pass none other but *regularly* educated *druggers* will be able to obtain a license to

bill in Virginia. In commenting on this feature of this bill the editor pertinently remarks :

" This paragraph surprises us. It is proposed to create a Board to license candidates for the practice of medicine, and it is empowered to examine them on all subjects except *therapeutics*; (or, as popularly expressed, the modes of practice.) That is, it may question them on anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, &c., but on the practice of physic, the very point on which it is to certify, it must maintain a cautious silence. On this subject—the one of real importance—the doctors are too much divided to reach any concurrent opinion. If this is not the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out, we have never known an instance of its elimination. Why have a Board to certify that men are qualified to do that concerning which it is forbidden to make inquiry ? "

And echo answers why !

Again, in answer to assertions made by a Dr. Edwards, a professional advocate of the bill, the editor of the Herald says :

" If the citizens of the State desire legal protection from the impositions of incompetent medical practitioners, by all means let the security be granted, in the best manner possible; but, so far as we are informed, the people have given no indication of the existence of this wish. The measure originated, not among the people, but in the Medical Society. It is conceded that the people generally, and even the educated classes, are not well informed on medical subjects; but we cannot agree with Dr. Edwards that they are in 'profound ignorance' concerning them. The language is too strong. The people are liable to be imposed on by quacks, with and without diplomas; but in a matter which so deeply affects their welfare, they desire freedom to select their own physicians and compensate them for their services."

The facts eliminated in the provisions of this doctors' bill amount simply to these: The Faculty first charge that in relation to correct practice in the medical art "the minister, the lawyer, the high-school teacher, the college professor, the general scientific scholar, the farmer, the mechanic—all acknowledge a profound ignorance on the subject," and then proceed to confess that doctors of medicine know as little of the true methods of medical practice as others.

After making this good honest confession the Virginia M. D.s arrogantly turn about and practically demand of the Legislature that for the very reason of this ignorance of the profession they should, by virtue of their own self-made and self-granted licenses and diplomas, be vested with ex-

exclusive power to experiment with drugs and poisons on the sick citizens of the State at their own discretion, and thus, by noting the powers of these severally to palliate or aggravate disease, to cure or to kill, they may in the long run obtain some knowledge of the science of therapeutics, or a correct mode of practicing medicine! This demand, as "the world goes," may be modest, but to me it really seems to be not only arrogant, but to smack of something closely allied to *band-bred* impudence even when made by medical diplomats!

It is worthy of note that in Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Nevada and New York the application for exclusive privilege to kill emanated in every instance from the diplomated doctors themselves, just as it is charged to have originated in Virginia, and again in California, in whose Legislature a bill of the kind is now pending, in relation to which the editor of the San José Mercury indignantly asks:

"Have the 'citizens of the State of California' petitioned the doctors of the 'old school' to pray the Legislature to 'protect them from empiricism?' We have heard of no such petition, and it seems to us it will be quite time for Dr. Thompson to call in the law to force his fellow-citizen to call him in, when his fellow-citizen prefers to employ Dr. Spaulding—quite time for Dr. Thompson to do this when the 'citizens of California,' as a community, shall indicate their intentions of standing guard over each individual family pill-box. What special privilege does Magna Charta give special schools of physicians touching the family medicine-chest? As well might the proprietors of Moody's Mill ask the Legislature to shut off steam at the Orange and Vineyard Mills and give them exclusive control of the family meal-chest in San Joé. *Common observation teaches that the most successful physician commands the largest patronage, regardless of diploma or scientific formula, and we submit that the Legislature has no reason or right, natural or delegated, to order it otherwise.*"

Lest some reader may suppose that the remarks I have made concerning the regular M. D.s' medical practice are too severe, I will here introduce a little testimony bearing on the point, that is derived from sources that seldom fail to convict, viz., a confession of guilt by the parties it is charged upon.

Dr. Jamieson, of Edinburgh, affirms that the

present practice of medicine is a trespass on the land of science. While in medicine just now is not a single man worth of the knowledge of the future and every experiment of science.

"I do not see why it is not possible to get medical education and immediately introduce it into practice without any delay. If we have real character and we are not entirely ignorant."

"I do not see why it is not possible to get medical education and immediately introduce it into practice without any delay. If we have real character and we are not entirely ignorant."

Again: Dr. Kammage, a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, in London, the highest medical authority known to the British schools, says: "It cannot be denied that the present system of medicine is a burning reproach to its professors, it is indeed a series of vague and uncertain inaccuracies deserve to be called by that name."

"How rarely do our medicines do good! How often do they make our patients really worse! I fearfully (the italics are mine) assert that in most cases the sufferer would be safer without a physician than with one. I have seen enough of the malpractice of my professional brethren to warrant the strong language I employ."

Three cheers for honest Doctor Kammage, whose love of truth thus compels him to expose the malpractice of his professional brethren in burning words which for that reason alone would lose their force if pronounced by outside condemnors of the murderous practices of the Faculty.

In one of his lectures, Professor James Gregory is reported to have said: "Gentlemen, ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are for the most part staring nonsense." Three times three for Professor Gregory, the head champion in the list thus far. Only think, ye doctor-stick-

ling gentlemen, one medical fact only proclaimed in the schools for every *ninety nine* lies!

In one of his lectures, Dr. Champbell, physician-in-chief to the Pennsylvania Hospital, said: "Nature, Nature cures disease, gentlemen. Never forget that. When you get into practice and begin to prescribe largely, you will begin to overlook that fact, and to think that you, yourselves, and your medicines, cure. As soon as you do so, you begin to kill." Hooray! Hooray! The American Eagle clear ahead of both the *Scotch Thistle* and the *English Lion*, as it ever should be! Three times three and *encore* for Champbell, for thus hitting the medical nail so telling a blow plump on its head.

Only to think of it, "The very moment the doctor begins to give his medicines that moment he begins to kill."

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! for good truth-loving Dr. Champbell, "Physician-in-chief" of the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, the most renowned in America, for neither the writer of this, nor any other quack, to his knowledge, has ever ventured to charge *quite* so much truth against the profession as Dr. Champbell, standing as he does a head and shoulders higher in medical experiences above his fellows, has done.

The foregoing sayings and confessions of some of the most distinguished physicians were compiled and published some years ago by D. C. Dake, M. D., with the remark that "he could fill every column of a newspaper with like testimony."

Here follows another equally convincing proof of the ignorance and intolerable impudence of the medical faculty, to which I might add scores of others of equal force:

An American student in Paris sends to the Medical Gazette the following report of the opening of a lecture by Magendie, the celebrated French physician and physiologist:

"Gentlemen—Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere em-

piries, when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I have n't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, another such materia medica—*Eh bien ! et apres ?* What 's known about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier (God knows it was famous enough in its day!) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that 's something; we can alleviate diabetes, and, I see distinctly, *we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease.*

"We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you, people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, Nature does a great deal; imagination does a good deal; doctors do . . . devilish little . . . when they do n't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some three or four thousand patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one I followed the dispensary, and gave them the

usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it, . . . and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they are well drugged . . . *les imbeciles*!) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but Nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was a little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary."

It is now some forty years since, that I chanced to be thrown frequently in company, at a watering-place, with three of the most distinguished physicians in North America, viz., Dr. Faug, of Quebec, who stood at the head of the profession in Canada, Dr. James, who stood at its head in Albany, and Dr. Francis, who stood at its head in New York. All were old, experienced and highly successful physicians in a pecuniary sense, at least, and all had retired from business. At the time, I associated with these distinguished men on friendly and easy terms. They were candid and truthful men, and one day I took the liberty to ask that they would individually tell me whether they thought human life or health was prolonged or promoted by the practice of medicine, or not? They each and all answered me deliberately, to the full and entire effect that though there were many experienced physicians who did do good, there were others who did harm, and that as a whole the profession might be wholly dispensed with without detracting from the average health and longevity of the human race.

And yet this is the fraternity that, with intolerable impudence, are now seeking, and in New York and elsewhere have succeeded in obtaining

legislative enactments to compel the so-called free citizens of this country to swallow *ad infinitum* their poisonous drugs and nostrums, and to exclude from medical practice under severe penalties the angel-assisted physicians who have within the last quarter of a century been raised up and commissioned from on high to work in the cause of humanity, and whose real cures can be numbered by thousands to the one of those who persecute them.*

The editor of the Religious Herald lets in a little light as to the manner of obtaining medical diplomas at the North, such as in New York places power in the hands of their purchasers to consign to prison all practitioners who have not the *will* or spare means to pay for a license to kill patients and fine and imprison *Quacks!* Says the Herald: "Only this very day, a medical student informed me that a college North had *guaranteed* him a diploma as *Doctor of Medicine*, upon condition that he would matriculate and pay sixty dollars. The Faculty would not require him even

* I have just received a letter from Dr. Benjamin Brandreth of New York, who writes:

"It is the United States Society of Allopaths who are endeavoring to obtain legislation to secure the monopoly of curing (?) or *killing* the people. There is a strong body of medical men opposing them—the Eclectics, the outgrowth of the Botanical doctors.

"These Eclectics now number in the United States over eight thousand. They do not use mercury in any form, nor opium, nor tartar emetic, nor aconite. In fact the rule is to use no poisonous remedies whatever. I think this body of medical men will materially help to prevent serious legislation in favor of the *Regulars*, otherwise Allopathists. These Eclectics are everywhere; they are very economical in their habits, are becoming well educated and are vastly more efficient than the old school doctors, and in some locations have the greatest patronage. They are on the better road. In their using no poisonous drugs the public gain a great advantage, and after a time they will as a body perceive the advantage of purgation as the sheet anchor of curatives. The Eclectics also abjure bleeding and leeches."

(I will just add in parenthesis in this connection that I never saw Dr. Brandreth but once. Nor did I ever derive, either directly or indirectly, a farthing's pecuniary benefit from his business in any way or at any time in my life. This I say to meet the objections of cavillers whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated and expanded to comprehend how men can act from other than selfish motives.)

to attend the lectures; and as for examination questions, they would send them by letter, thus allowing him to consult his books or his friends to secure the proper answers. This is not a rare occurrence."

As if an echo to the above, says the editor of the New York Tribune: "The great mass of sick people are left to the treatment, as an eminent physician stated lately, of incompetent and ignorant young practitioners who go into the business solely to make money, who gain diplomas without study, and dose or cut thereafter with as little true love for their noble profession as though they were butchers at work on a carcass, or tailors patching a coat."

I know several retired physicians who bear like testimony in regard to their profession as was borne by the three doctors above referred to; but it may be worthy of remark that I cannot recall but two instances to my memory wherein I have *personally* known diplomated doctors of medicine to denounce the malpractices incident to the Faculty while they themselves were in actual practice, and I take pride in stating that both of these bore the same surname as myself.

I know of the one confessing that he had, in years past, through ignorance intensified by education, innocently caused the death of a *hundred* (or *hundreds*) of patients, by blood-letting and kindred malpractices—whilst the other, on occasion of being solicited to assist in a *society* movement to put down *quacks*, indignantly exclaimed, "Why, all the knowledge of medicine we possess has been obtained from *quacks*!"

Said Byron, "Discover what will destroy life, and you are a great man—what will prolong it, and you are an impostor."

And so Goethe's Dr. "*Fuust*":

"Thus with our hellish drugs Death's ceaseless fountains
'Mid these green vales, o'er these bright mountains,

Worse than the very plague we've raised.

I have myself to thousands poison given,
And heard their murderer praised as blessed by heaven,
Because with Nature strife he waged."

And so Napoleon, who shared with the Great

Frederick of Prussia in his contempt for the medical schools, said to one of his own physicians, "Believe me, we had better leave off all of these remedies. Life is a *fortress* which neither you nor I know anything about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defence? Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratories. COIGSORT (M. D.) candidly agreed with me that all your filthy mixtures are good for nothing. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind. Water, air, and cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopœia."

In the year 1840 Samuel Dickson, M. D., delivered in London his ten world-wide, famed lectures, which were printed under the title of "*Fallacies of the Faculty*," from which I make the following pithy extracts: "So far as my experience of medical matters goes, few people in these times are permitted to die of disease. The orthodox fashion is to die of the doctor. As for the schools, at this very moment the whole *regime* of medical teaching is a system of humbug, collusion and trick."

Again, quoting Lord Bacon, "'The studies of men in such places are confined and pinned down to the writings of certain authors, from which, if any man happens to differ, he is presently represented as a disturber and an innovator.'"

"Every person who has in any way improved the practice of physic, has had to repent it. Harvey lost his business by discovering the circulation of the blood; Lady Mary Wortley Montague suffered in her reputation for introducing the small-pox inoculation; and Jenner, for a long period of his life, was victimized for the still greater improvement of the vaccine."

The D. D.s joined in the cry against Jenner, declaring him to be the anti-Christ of Scripture, with some show of reason, it must be confessed, if indeed it be true, as is now alleged by many spirits of men in and out of the form, that both vaccination and inoculation so far from

being benefits are really curses to mankind, inasmuch as the small-pox taken in the natural way is readily curable under proper treatment, whilst both kine and small-pox, introduced by the usual process, frequently convey into the system together with the virus other poisonous elements highly destructive of health and life.

Be this as it may, the treatment accorded both to Jenner and Mrs. Montague show, nevertheless, the evil *animus* of the Faculty just as significantly as if both discoveries were of the greatest utility. By-the-bye, it would seem that the cow or kine-pox was known before Jenner's time to be a prevention to the small-pox by the peasantry of Gloucestershire (where Jenner lived) when taken during the process of milking, but, says Dickson, "the wise doctors only looked upon it as a popular superstition," just as they now do on the natural bone-setters, who are said to abound in England, and many other parts of Europe, although they are recognized only by that class of people who we are told in Scripture received the beneficent teachings of Jesus "*gladly*."

Dr. Dickson remarks that he will not speak of Dr. Baillie's language during the years that supereminent physician was in practice in London, but that after he retired to his country seat in Gloucestershire "he without the slightest hesitation declared that he had no faith in physic whatever!"

"Locke, Smollet, Goldsmith (all three physicians) held their art in contempt. Swift, Temple, Hume, Adam Smith—to say nothing of Byron, Hazlet and other cotemporaries—were equally severe on its professors. Byron indeed anathematized it as the 'destructive art of healing.'"

"Dr. James Gregory, a man accomplished in all the science and literature of his time, was for many years the leading physician of Edinburgh; but he nevertheless held his profession in contempt," and "scrupled not to declare in his classroom, 'that ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts were so many medical lies, and

that medical doctrines were for the most part little better than stark, staring nonsense.' "

"The rich patient (says the astute author of *Lacon*,) cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician does the rich patient; and it is rather paradoxical, that the *rapid* recovery of the one usually depends upon the *procrastinated* disorder of the other. Some persons will tell you, with an air of the miraculous, that they recovered *although* they were given over; when they might with more reason have said they recovered *because* they were given over."

"Says *Adam Smith*, the author of *Wealth of Nations*, 'The great success of quacks in England has been altogether owing to the *real* quackery of the *REGULAR PHYSICIANS*.' "

"Before the time of Francis the First, surgeons stanch'd the blood of arteries when they amputated a limb by application of boiling pitch to the surface of the stump. *Ambrose Baré*, principal surgeon to that King, introduced the ligature as a substitute—he first tied the arteries. Mark the reward of *Ambrose Baré*: he was hooted and howled down by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of hanging human life upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test of centuries. In vain he pleaded the agony of the old application; in vain he showed the success of the ligature. Corporations, colleges or coteries of whatever kind, seldom forgive merit in an adversary; they continued to persecute him with the most remorseless rancor; but Baré had a spirit to despise, and a master to protect him against all the efforts of their malice."

"Could you only see, as I have seen," says Dr. Dickson to his students, "the farce of a medical consultation, I think you would agree with me that the impersonation of physic, like the picture of Garrick, might be best painted with comedy on one side and tragedy on the other."

"An honest Quaker of the profession, who, being very ill, had three doctors to attend him—Dr. Abernethy, Dr. Blundell and a physician whose name I forget. Each had his own notion

of the disease ; the last mentioned having put a stethoscope to the chest at once declared the 'heart' to be the seat of mischief. Dr. Abernethy, on the contrary, muttered something about the 'stomach and digestive organs,' while Dr. Blundell, in the true spirit of a man mid-wife, decided that the patient was only 'hysterical.'

"Now the patient, though a Quaker, was a humorist ; so he ordered in his will, that when his body should be opened after death, his *digestive organs* should be presented to Dr. Abernethy, his *heart* to the stethoscope physician, and to Dr. Blundell his *womb*, if he could find one." Satirical Quaker, that !

Again says Dr. Dickson, "Till the emoluments of those who chiefly practice it cease to depend upon the quantity of useless drugs they mercilessly inflict upon their deluded patients—till the terrible system of collusion, which at present prevails under the name of 'good understanding among the different branches of the profession,' be exposed, the medical art must continue to be a *source of destruction to the many—a butt for the ridicule of the discerning few.*"

"*Moliere*, so long the terror of the apothecaries of Paris, makes one of his *dramatis personæ* say to another 'Call in a doctor, and if you do not like his physic I'll soon find you another who will condemn it.'"

Rosseau, that keenest of observers, used to say, "Science which instructs, and physic which cures us, are excellent certainly ; but science which misleads, and physic which destroys us, are equally execrable ; *teach us how to distinguish them.*"

The satirical *LeSage* says, "Death has two wings : on one are painted war, plague, famine, fire, shipwreck, with all the other miseries that every instant offer him a new prey. On the other wing you behold a crowd of young physicians about to take their degree before him. Death proceeds to dub them doctors (*leur donne de bonnet*), having first made them swear never in

any way to alter the established practice of physic."

"The same college of physicians," says Dr. Dickson, "who in after years opposed the improvements of *Montagus* and *Jenner*, made the circulation of the blood the subject of their bitterest satire. Not content with slandering the character of its discoverer, the more vile and venal of his medical brethren made it a pretext for declining to meet him in consultation."

"It is a fact related by Harvey that he could not get a physician above the age of forty to believe in the circulation of the blood."

Dr. Dickson's thick book is crammed full of such testimony as the foregoing.

How tame, in the presence of such terrible disclosures of malpractice and inefficiency by members of their own faculty, seems the reply made by a young medical student to a question from his professional teacher asking for a concise definition of the healing art. "The art of amusing the patient (said the boy) whilst Nature cures the disease."

This reminds me of an anecdote communicated to me some years ago by the late Henry Lothrop, one of the truest-hearted and best men that ever lived in Providence, R. I.

Whilst sitting up with Dr. Wm. Bowen, in his last sickness, many years ago, Mr. L. learned from that eminent physician that it had been his practice always to keep on hand a supply of bread pills, which he used to send to patients instead of answering their summons in person, at night, and said he found that they had as good an effect as anything else!

The fact is that the boy's amusing theory is correct so far as the medical treatment of the old school physicians is concerned, whose aim has generally been to relieve the pain and oppression of their patients by benumbing and deadening applications that tend to weaken the functions of life and aggravate the cause.

As well might a mother expect to cure the stomach-ache of her crying child by *spanking* it

into silence, as for a doctor to suppose that the cause of disease can be removed by suppressing or deadening its symptoms. Pain, fever, inflammation and oppression are only the results of an effort of Nature to restore a perfect balance of the life-forces in the system, and should never be counteracted or abated otherwise than by removing the cause.

The giving to a patient one dose of mercury and another of opium or morphine—the last to mitigate the pain whilst the other removes the cause—is like attempting to extricate an overladen wagon from the mire by attaching one horse in front and another behind the vehicle, and then whipping them up in contrary directions. A *wreck* instead of a rescue will probably be the consequence in both instances.

Dr. Titus, counsellor of the court at Dresden, used to say that “three-fourths of mankind were killed by medicines and prescriptions.” This is perhaps too sweeping a declaration. If the counsellor had confined his remark to those only who died under the treatment of physicians, I should think him not far from the truth.

“One hundred years have scarcely elapsed,” says Dr Samuel Dickson, “since the fever patient was wrapped in blankets, his chamber heated by large fires, and door, window and bed-curtains closed upon him with the most scrupulous attention. The few that survived the terrible ordeal were said to be cured, and these CURES, like *ignes fatui*, only seemed to delude and blind the practitioner to the awful mortality which followed the practice.”

A constant pressure of self-interest always inclining in one direction, (however slight,) will be sure in the long run to induce a practice among organized bodies, whether of law, divinity or medicine, or other, to shape their modes in the direction that will best promote the furtherance of their own interest and selfish ends. These may proceed without the members being individually conscious of their drift, just as an overbalancing pound of silver placed in the left

pocket of each may cause a crowd of men to swerve in the same direction from a right line when walking, without an individual of them all being aware of the departure.

Hence the practice of medicine has grown gradually into a science, without probably one in ten of its professors being aware of the subtle cause, whereby the slightest ailments are nursed into serious maladies through established forms of malpractice that best tend to increase the fees of the attending physician, and thereby supply his daily and perhaps pressing needs for money. This feature in medical practice attaches probably more to the young and needy members of the Faculty, which may have given rise to the Londoners saying, "God preserve me from the devil and a walking doctor."

I have myself cured hundreds (as before hinted,) of attacks among persons in my employ and others, exactly similar in all respects to scores of others, wherein the patients under the regular medical treatment were, after being, as it were, *nursed* into sickness by their physician, confined for weeks and months to their beds, and in many instances sent to their graves.

I knew of a Mr. M., of New York, who, having slightly chafed his heel, sent for a doctor, who managed to coax the little hurt into a running sore, to the dire affliction of his unwary patient, and to his own profit of a two hundred and fifty dollar fee. Four of Brandreth's pills, to cleanse the blood and divert its tendency to congest at the weakened point, and a little mutton tallow to shut the air from the wound, would undoubtedly have made the man well again in twenty-four hours.

In this case it was probably the doctor's "necessity rather than his will that consented" to thus subjecting his *well-to-do* but ignorant patient to torture that he might minister to his own needs, which probably was a sufficient reason in his view of the matter for the temporary inconvenience he felt himself obliged to inflict on the victim of his cupidity.

"This man's necessities are greater than mine," said the noble and chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney, when he ordered the cup of cold water that was presented to his own parched lips to be given to the dying soldier.

The sentiment that prevailed in both breasts might have been alike, just as the same light will be different in brightness when reflected through a crystal glass lantern and one made of bull's hide—the action of the heroic Sidney (the "man without reproach or fear") being directed in its application by the soul of a demi-god, whilst that of the doctor was just as naturally the prompting of the selfish instinct of an average medical allopath, whose nature had been brutalized in dissection and vivisection *hells*, and his heart hardened by the practice of his soul-and-body-benumbing profession.

"Thy thirst is greater than mine," said Sidney, and straightway he ordered the goblet that was destined for his own to be carried to the lips of his comrade!

My need of money is greater than thine—thought the doctor, as he replenished his own wallet out of the pocket of his patient! Viewed from the two standpoints the reasoning of the doctor was as logical as Sidney's; for even the divine light, that alike permeates and gives life to all things, cannot shine as brightly through the coarse organism of a blinking toad as it does through the graceful form of the star-eyed gazelle.

I knew of a poor woman who was sick and delirious. A regular M. D. gave her a powerful acting medicine that did her no good. A good Samaritan came along and gave her an herb medicine that soon relieved her. The M. D. called again, and insisted upon the patient's returning to his doses. She swallowed a teaspoonful of his poison and became again delirious. She then took nothing but the herb medicine, and was soon entirely well. In this case it was plain that it was not money the doctor expected, for he knew the poor woman had none. He was probably operating upon her by way of "*experiment*,"

as is no doubt frequently the case where poor patients in hospitals, and elsewhere, have no other means of compensating the demons who, under pretence of curing, premeditatingly torture them, for, as says Bulwer, "When poverty is sick, the doctors mangle it."

Here it was most probably "the will" rather than "his necessity" that prompted the doctor to experiment with his poison drugs on the poor woman (after the manner the Virginia M. D.s are seeking power to do), that he might learn by the results something of THERAPEUTICS, and whether the doses he gave were calculated in their effects to kill or cure, after the fashion elsewhere narrated in the instance of the doctor who learned of a certain cure for tetanus from the fact of his having tried an experiment wherein the patient survived the dose he gave, which must, as he said, have proved fatal to any man, woman or child that was not afflicted with the *precise* malady in question.

This wonderful discovery of a specific for the cure of tetanus should be communicated by its medical inventor to the Faculty in Virginia, so that they too should be made aware that *one fixed unalterable fact* at least has become established in the science of "*Therapeutics*."

The following little narrative that I clip from a newspaper, illustrates quite forcibly the existing state of "*Therapeutics*" among the regular M. D.s:

"A very worthy citizen of Troy has been ill for a considerable time. He called on a Troy doctor, who considered his symptoms in no wise dangerous, and recommended a pleasure trip. The patient went to New York City and grew worse. He called on a surgeon at Bellevue Hospital, who pronounced it disease of the stomach and liver, and prescribed for, but did not relieve him. The surgeon was finally frail enough to admit that he did not know what his disease was. The patient then called on a celebrated physician connected with a medical academy in New York. He said one of the patient's lungs was entirely

consumed and the other was badly diseased. The sufferer then came back to Troy and called on another physician here, who said he was suffering from dyspepsia, and put him on a milk and lime-water diet. The man grew no better. Finally he applied to a celebrated Thomsonian physician at Bennington, and immediately grew better, gaining some twenty pounds of flesh in a few months. Recently he called on a celebrated Albany physician, who examined him, and said a tumor was forming between the stomach and liver, but that his lungs were entirely sound. He told him, however, that he could not live long. Since then the patient has followed the advice of the Bennington physician, and is apparently slowly recovering. The disease is probably only an aggravated case of dyspepsia."

And here is another equally significant case that I extract from a published communication of the late Henry C. Wright:

"A manufacturer of this State had a large tumor on his cheek. The Medical Faculty of Rhode Island, so 'long and well trained,' of 'such general and extensive culture,' could do nothing for him, and gave him up to die! He went to Boston, and spent a brief period in the Massachusetts Hospital. The head of that institution, the most learned and celebrated doctor in the State, told him he was incurable—that he could not live three months, and that all attempts to save his life would be useless. So Massachusetts sent him home to die. He then went to Bellevue Hospital, New York. The head doctors of New York sent him home to die; but advised him that if he lived *temperately* he might stay some years.

"The man came home (says Mr. Wright); he came across a physician almost wholly unknown to medical fame. This man said he could cure him. With some simple applications he brought out the diseased matter. The man got well, and is now living.

"In this and in every State, society abounds with facts of a similar character. Tens of thousands, whom these doctors, so 'well-trained and

cultured' and with the 'highest qualities of mind' have given up to die, have been saved by clairvoyant and magnetic physicians—by healing mediums, and by others having no license from any medical society to relieve suffering and save life."

Since sending my manuscript to the printer I have chanced to fall in with a rare large octavo volume of some five hundred pages, dedicated by its author "To those who thirst after knowledge, and are not deterred from seeking it by the fear of imaginary danger," that contains many passages so peculiarly corroborative of some of the views I have expressed, that I arrived at wholly from an outside observation of the workings of medical craft, without the least aid from inside members of the ring, that I cannot forbear contributing one or two extracts for insertion here, with the remark repeated that it only seems to be retired and wealthy physicians, like Dr. Inman and others I have mentioned, that venture to expose the blunders and iniquities of their brethren. The book was printed 1876, and is entitled, "ANCIENT FAITHS AND MODERN," BY THOMAS INMAN, M. D., LONDON. Author of "*Ancient Faiths Embodied in Ancient Names*," etc., etc.—CONSULTING PHYSICIAN TO THE ROYAL INFIRMARY, LIVERPOOL; *Lecturer successively on Botany, Medical Jurisprudence, Therapeutics, Materia Medica, and the Principles and Practice of Medicine, etc., in the Liverpool School of Medicine, etc.*

If medical diplomas and honorary titles ever qualified any one individual of the Faculty more than another to speak with authority on matters pertaining to the practice of medicine, Mr. Inman, who commences his preface with the following words, certainly appears to be that man :

"Some thirty years ago, after a period of laborious study, (says the learned doctor,) I became the House Surgeon of a large Infirmary. In that institution I was enabled to see the practice of seven different doctors, and to compare the results which followed from their various plans of

treatment. I soon found that the number of cases was nearly equal amongst them all, and became certain that recovery was little influenced by the medicine given. The conclusion drawn was, that the physician could do harm, but that his power for good was limited. This induced me to investigate the laws of health and of disease with an especial desire to discover some sure ground on which the healing art might safely stand. The inquiry was a long one, and to myself satisfactory. The conclusions to which I came were extremely simple, amounting almost to truisms; and I was surprised that it had required long and sustained labor to find out such very homely truths as those which I seemed to have unearthed. Yet with this discovery came the assurance that, if I could induce my medical brethren to adopt my views, they would deprive themselves of the means of living.

"Men, like horses, or tigers, monkeys and cod-fish, can do without doctors. Here and there, it is true, the art and skill of the physician or surgeon can relieve pain, avert danger from accidents, and ward off death for a time; but, in the generality of cases, doctors are powerless. It is the business of such men, however, to magnify their office to the utmost. They get their money ostensibly by curing the sick; but it is clear that the shorter the illness, the fewer will be the fees, and the more protracted the attendance, the larger must be the 'honorarium.'"

"There is, then, good reason why the medical profession should discourage too close an investigation into truth."

If any of my readers should have heretofore suspected me of lacking in the milk of human kindness when commenting on the M. D.s' mal-practice, I trust they will no longer give place in their minds to any such unjust suspicions, for they themselves must bear witness that I have never directly charged any more naughty *pre-meditated* practices on the hoary time-*crusted* Faculty than is here plainly insinuated by one of the most eminent of their own number, who is evil-

dently well posted in "ways" of the profession "that are dark."

It would seem, from what Dr. Inman intimates here and elsewhere, that if the boy student I have before referred to had been asked the question by his superior, "What is the best method of treating disease?" the appropriate answer from the successful practitioner's standpoint might have been, "The art of making and keeping the patient sick a sufficient time for the doctor to exhaust his pecuniary means without entirely destroying his life."

Turning over another leaf of the preface we come to a passage wherein the able author most felicitously hits two of the "spirits of devils" that John the clairvoyant or revelator speaks of as a most stunning blow with one and the same stone. Says he:

"The result of my observations showed a wonderful similarity to exist between the clerical and medical professions; and I feel that, if my views about the cure of souls and bodies were generally adopted, there would be no need either for parson or doctor. Instead of discovering, as I had hoped to do, which of all the rival sects of Christendom is the best one, I found that all were unnecessary; that many are degraded in doctrine and bad in practice; and that if any must exist, the one which effects the least mischief should be the one selected for general adoption. It required much courage to allow myself to believe that doctors have, taking everything into consideration, done more harm in the world than good, and still more to announce my conviction that Christianity was even more culpable than medicine. The physician, when professing to cure, has too often assisted disease to kill; and he who has had the cure of souls has invented plans to make believers in his doctrine miserable.

"The first fills his coffers proportionally to the extent to which he can protract recovery; the second becomes rich in proportion to the success with which he multiplies mental terrors, and then sells repose. The one enfeebles the body, the

other cripples the intellect, and aggravates envy, hatred and malice. Both are equally influential in preventing man from being such as we believe that the Almighty designed him to be."*

Let this fragrant and pregnant extract from Dr. Inman's preface suffice for this time, and let

* An eminent practitioner, writer and lecturer, under date of Feb. 29th, 1876, writes me as follows:

"We need a forcible writer to vindicate the claims of the naturally or divinely called healers against those of the traders in medicine. I think a convulsion that would destroy alike the Medical College and the Cathedral would break up the most pestilent dens of an infection which is ever corrupting our youth.

"The organization of the medical profession resists reform so vigorously, that I consider it like some old hospitals, better fitted to be torn down than disinfected. * * *

"A physician may devastate his neighborhood by incompetence and gross violations of duty, without a word of censure, but if he takes too small a fee, or if he takes advice honestly from those who know better than himself, he is anathematized at once!

"Medical ethics does not forbid combining against successful practitioners to ostracise them from society, nor does it forbid a steady adherence to fatal methods *for the face of successful treatment*, which does not belong to their own clique."

I have also recently received a highly interesting and suggestive letter from a lady clairvoyant physician in New York State, whose name and residence I will not betray, lest it may subject her to persecution. She states that many clairvoyants have been obliged to renounce their gifts of healing in that doctor-ruled State, and that a threatening notice to quit practice was served on her in the city where she resided. The ablest lawyer in the place, however, together with a number of the first and best citizens, besought her to remain, and offered to defend her, declaring that such official persecution was an outrage on individual rights, but duty or convenience caused her nevertheless to flee to another city, where she has not as yet been annoyed by the doctors, although she has made several cures of cases of sickness, some of which had been given over by the regular Faculty. She also narrates an instance wherein the M. D. gave a patient on his first visit (the mother of a family) something in a spoon to stop her pain, which caused sleep from which she never awoke. This doctor, my informant states, is hardly ever free from the effects of strong drink, and yet he is considered "a star by his medical brethren."

Another regular M. D. left a powder to be given a patient at a certain time, if the pain did not subside. An intuitive sister, however, mistrusted there was something wrong in the prescription and gave but one-third of the prescribed dose, which kept her sick sister in a death-like sleep three days and nights.

Several other instances of M. D. medical malpractice are narrated, one of which is lengthy, and worse, if possible, than either of the above.

the bold innovator bless his stars that "Holy Church" has no longer her boasted "long arms" to apprehend, nor her inquisitorial powers to punish that she formerly had, for then—but *hush!*—say no more! for the deadly serpent is already coiling itself in our midst, and waits but a constitutional amendment to begin its long-accustomed bloody work anew throughout the whole length and breadth of these United States, even as their brethren, the doctors of medicine, have been recently empowered by the Legislature of New York to persecute with fine and imprisonment mediævalistic and other undiplomated healers in that State, and are impudently striving to accomplish the same object in California, Virginia, and elsewhere.

God grant that the liberal masses of the land of Washington and Patrick Henry may be aroused to a proper sense of the danger before the conspirators, with the aid of the almost ever purchasable L.L. D. oligarchy that now controls in every department of both national and State government, so perfect their malignant schemes for the rule and ruin of the bodies and souls of their fellow-citizens who will not bow to their unholy dictations that it may require an *Armageddon* rising of the people to overthrow them.

And let me ask, what offence is there in the whole catalogue of crime that is comparable in atrocity with that which is here directly charged against the profession by one of the most eminent and experienced of the Faculty, as being a common practice among them, viz.: that of premeditatedly drugging their patients into sickness and death, that they may be enabled to rob them of their money!

The highway robber meets you prepared with pistol or bludgeon, and openly demands your money or your life. The assassin steals to your bed with knife in hand, with like intent. From both these you may perchance purchase immunity by proffering your pelf, or by defending your person with like weapons.

But not so with the insidious doctor. He ap-

proaches you with the dulcet tones of a friend, hypocritically measures your pulse to find exactly how much poison your system will bear, and then proceeds to rob you of your money by premeditatedly experimenting on your health and life.

What comparison, let me again ask, is there between such fiends in crime as these, and the blundering assassin or robber who follows his profession at the constant risk of his life and without betraying the confidence of a friend?

Say not that the offence is too horrible for any man made of flesh and blood to contemplate, or for any fiend to perfect! We know that thousands of similar crimes are committed in the land by men standing as high as medical professors, who, too, like them, are left to go unpunished, whilst the petty thief is sent to the penitentiary.

What oceans of widows' and orphans' tears have been shed through the poverty and privations entailed upon them by the law's unnecessary delays that lawyers might fatten on their means of living! What countless sighs have ascended on high from the poor whose hard-earned savings have been filched from them by villainous managers of railroads, savings banks and other corporate bodies, who have deliberately, through breach of trust (the most flagrant as well as meanest crime known to humanity, with the one exception before us), stolen in thousands what was confidently contributed in pennies to their safe keeping! And yet these men impudently walk the streets, not branded as criminals, but sustained and exalted by their fellows as *defaulters*, whilst thousands of those they have ruined, driven perhaps to desperation by their poverty and a stinging, helpless sense of wrong, are sent to the work-house or prison for trifling depredations on society.

We read that the human "heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," nor was there ever yet a crime that the heart can conceive of so dreadful, that hands may not be found to commit for a commensurate reward, especially when it can be performed without risk of discovery.

And this is precisely where doctors of both the law and medicine professionally stand. They may alike send thousands of their clients and patients to their graves through the intricate hidden meshes and practices of their professions, without the possibility of a single crime known as such to the laws of the lawyers' own contriving being charged, much less proved against them. (Says *Franks*, "Thousands are slaughtered in quiet in the sick room.") Nay, so far from this, as I have before intimated, it is possible that they as individuals are not always aware themselves of the abominable flagrancy of the delinquencies they are constantly in the habit of committing in the line of their respective professions, for though

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

We are not all aware how intricately vice and virtue may be confounded, and how utterly the finer and better instincts of a man's nature may be perverted by the practices of a profession. The butcher boy who might faint (as Nero was said to have done) at the sight of blood, by practice in his calling may soon delight in beholding its copious flow from the veins of the dying beast that he may have just severed with his own hand.

Thus pagan Rome, under her imperial masters, was for a season satisfied to see the brute creation tear themselves in the arena; but soon the amusement became too tame for patrician matrons, and men slaves were forced by thousands to kill each other in her amphitheatres for their gratification. So, too, when the pagan dynasty had reached the utmost goal iniquity can arrive at on earth, and its Papal successor mounted the figurative beast, *bull-baiting* in the *ring* and *Jew* and *horse-racing* on the *Corso* contented for a time the savage instincts of both priests and laity; but soon their "appetite so grew upon what it fed upon," that the hierarchy to sustain itself in position was forced to furnish countless instruments of human

torture and *auto de fés* to meet the growing craving to revel amidst scenes of human suffering.

So I can readily conceive when a boy student of medicine has been accustomed to display his skill with scalpel and saw in the dissecting-room, how his appetite may expand in that direction so as to lead him to regard with ghoulisb eyes each limping passenger he meets in the street, whilst if to his *carriou* surgical experience be added that of vivisection, so hardened may he become in witnessing such horrid inflictions on living brutes, that a strange, unearthly, morbid passion may impel him to experiment with drugs on human subjects, especially if it puts money in his empty pockets ; and if perchance one or more of his victims should chance to "shuffle off the mortal coil" under his experimental practice, his feeble conscientious scruples might be satisfied by resolving to be more careful in future in the perilous discharge of "his vocation."

I have myself seen a boy impale several flies on the same pin and make merry over the poor insects' agonizing (and to him fantastic) struggles. A little training such as is inculcated in vivisection rooms, might readily develop and strengthen the savage instincts of such a student to a degree that would cause him to take a hellish pleasure alike in witnessing the dying struggles of a martyr at the stake, or the latest death-throes of a sick patient in his bed.

I once dined with a doctor of good standing in New York, who kept preserved in spirits in a glass jar on the mantel of his dining-room, the horridly diseased foot and ankle of a patient, which he exhibited to his dinner guests as a trophy of his superior skill in amputation. *Flugh!* The man whose finer sensibilities had been thus corrupted in one direction, we may depend upon it, required nothing more than special practice to warp them to a like or still greater extent in any other that his insane passion for medical *ecolat* might suggest, or self-interest prompt.

When Lady Mary Wortley Montague introduced inoculation from Turkey into England,

government appointed a medical commission to inspect and report on the results that should follow its trial on her own daughter. And what said Lady Mary concerning the action of this committee? Why, that the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an *unwillingness to have it succeed*—such an evident spirit of rancor and malignity, *that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.* Sensible lady!

"How," asks Dr. Dickson in his sixth London lecture, "is that student of *medicine* to be repaid the capital of time and money he has expended on what he calls his education! How but by deluding and mystifying in his turn the suffering sick who apply to him for relief? For relief? Vain hope! Look at the numbers of persons who live, or try to live, by physic, doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, druggists, cuppers, nurses, and ask yourselves how even one tithe of them can do so, but by alternately playing upon the passions and prejudices, the hopes, fears and ignorance of the public? in one case inflicting visits too numerous to be necessary; in another employing draughts, mixtures or measures too expensive, too frequently and too fruitlessly repeated to be all for the benefit of the patient! Think you that the members of the medical profession are different in their feelings from every other human being—that their minds are so constituted that under the most terrible temptations they can so far set at defiance the stern laws of necessity, as in their present crowded and starving state to receive with open arms a system that threatens so many of their order with ruin? Is it in the nature of things that they will welcome a practical improvement, by which the practitioner may, in a few hours, cut short cases and chances which by daily visitation, or by *three draughts* a day, might be *profitably protracted to a month* if the system on which it is based were

only advocated in *calm, mellifluous and complimentary language?*

"As soon may you expect a needy attorney to be prevailed upon by his client's tears to cut short a chancery suit; or the master of a sailing smack to listen patiently to the praises of steam; or a coach proprietor to admit the safety and superiority of railroad over coach conveyance, when estimating the losses they shall respectively sustain by the too general use of the superior motive power.

"What though the present condition of the medical practice be less the crime of the *profession* than the fault of the legislature that permits men, clothed with collegiate authority, professionally enjoying the sanction of its protection, annually to lure, by misrepresentation and by lying promises, thousands of credulous and unsuspecting youths into a path strewed, even in the very best of times, with thorns and briars innumerable? Better far that one-half of them should at once abandon a walk of life where the competition is so keen and close that comparatively few in the present day can live honestly by means of it, than that they should hereafter have to eat their precarious bread at the daily and hourly sacrifice of their own honor and their patients' *interests*. (By which last word the forbearing doctor means, no doubt, to be understood the *money, HEALTH and LIVES* of their hapless victims.)

"When persons, little versant with the present state of medical affairs, see men of established name supporting a system of dishonesty and error, they too often doubt the light of their own reason.

"'Would Dr. So-and-So,' they ask, 'and Mr. Such-a-One hold this language, if they did not themselves *believe it*—men so respectable, and so amiable in private life?' But tell these simpletons that Dr. So and-So's *Bread* depends upon his *Belief*—that Mr. Such-a-One's family must fall with his fading fortunes, if the father, in the language of Hazlitt, 'ceased to support that

which he had so long *supported*, and which *supported him*, and you bring an argument which, though not quite convincing in itself, will at least compel a closer investigation of the system it is your wish to expose and crush.

"To abandon usurped power," says Robertson, in his history of Scotland, 'to renounce lucrative error, are sacrifices which the virtue of *individuals* has, on some occasions, *offered to truth*; but from no *society* of men no such effort can be expected. The corruptions of society recommended by common utility, and justified by universal practice, are viewed by its members without shame or horror; and *reformation never proceeds from themselves, but is always forced upon them by some foreign hand.*'

"Gentlemen," continued the heroic doctor, "I have been blamed for the tone and spirit in which I have spoken of my adversaries. I have been asked why assail their *motives*—why not keep to their *errors*? But in this particular instance I have been only the humble imitator of a great master, a man whose name will at once call up every sentiment of veneration—the indomitable Luther. *Magnis componere parva*, I have followed in his wake. I hope soon to add *passibus aequis*. Think you the reformations of the church could have progressed with the same rapidity, had its most forward champion been honey-mouthed—had his lips been all smiles, and his language all politeness; or had he been content in pointless and unimpassioned periods to direct attention solely to the doctrinal errors of Rome? No, he thundered, he denounced, he heaped invective upon invective, and dealt in every form of language which could tell best against his enemies, whether in exposure or attack. Too wise to leave them the moral influence of a presumed integrity they were far from meriting, he courageously tore away the cloak of sanctity and sincerity with which in the eyes of the vulgar they had been too long invested. Had he done otherwise he might have obtained the posthumous praise of moderation, at the price of defeat and the stake."

Samuel J. Young writes to the editor of the *Banner of Light* as follows: "The persecution of the clairvoyant and mediumistic physicians by the old school doctors of New York, should carry a lesson to the mind of every thoughtful Spiritualist. Let us cease patronizing the learned humbugs who are now endeavoring to exterminate us. We have doctors of our own who know as much, and by the aid of the celestials far more, than Parker, Hammond and Marvin. Let us turn our backs on Bellevue Medical College, College of Physicians and Surgeons, and that anomalous institution known as the New York Free Medical College for Women, and let us either patronize the Eclectic Medical College, or have a College of our own. The Eclectic Medical College of New York is a noble institution, but I believe we Spiritualists should have a Medical College of our own."

The following "declarations" of old school doctors, says the same writer, "are credited to the highest authority in Europe and America," all of which, says he, go to show "what prominent physicians think of the science of medicine:

"Our remedies are unreliable.—*Prof. Valentine Mott, M. D.*

"Of all sciences medicine is the most uncertain.—*Prof. Willard Parker, M. D.*

"The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder.—*Sir Astley Cooper, M. D., F. R. S.*

"We are not acquainted with any agents that will cure consumption.—*Prof. Alonzo Clarke.*

"I have no faith whatever in our medicines.—*Dr. Bailey.*

"Cod-liver-oil has no curative power in tubercular consumption.—*Prof. Horace Green, M. D.*

"Medicine is so far from being a science that it is only a conjecture.—*Dr. Evans.*

"The administration of our powerful medicines is the most fruitful source of deranged digestion.—*Prof. E. R. Peaslee, M. D.*

"Men who are really sick die, and we cannot save them.—*Prof. Frederic R. Marvin, M. D.*

"Of the essence of disease very little is known.
—*Prof. S. H. Gross, M. D.*

"Mercury has made more cripples than all wars combined.—*Dr. McClintock.*

"So gross is our ignorance of the physiological character of disease, that it would be better to do nothing.—*Magendie, France.*"

I have received a copy of the medical bill before referred to, that is now pending in the California Legislature, which it seems to me must be a little more un-American and atrocious in its provisions than any that has as yet been concocted by the allopath doctors.

Section 1st provides: "No person shall practice medicine or surgery, or any of the specialties connected therewith, in the State of California, without possessing a certificate from a board of examiners, as provided in this act."

Section 2d provides that a Board of Examiners, consisting of seven members, shall be annually appointed by "each State Medical Society," who may give certificates signed by *every* member of the board, authorizing their "possessors to practice medicine and surgery in the State of California."

These sections of the act, as will be seen, throw the practice of medicine in California entirely into the hands of the regular M. D. practitioners.

Section 7th enacts: "The Secretary of the Board of Examiners shall receive a fee of one dollar from each graduate or licentiate who shall obtain a certificate. Candidates for examination shall pay a fee of fifty dollars in advance, which shall be *returned* (doubtful) to them if a certificate be refused."

(Alas for poor Jesus and his spiritual healing disciples, should their lot chance to fall in the Golden State, not one in a score of whom, inclusive, ever had fifty dollars in their lives.)

"The fees received by the board shall be paid into the *treasury of the medical society* by which the board shall have been appointed, and the expenses and compensation of the board shall be

subject to arrangement with the society." (*Good for the doctors!*)

The plot begins to develop cautiously in section 10th, which provides that, "Any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine, in the view of this act, who shall profess *publicly to be a physician, and to prescribe for the sick*, or who shall affix the title of 'doctor' (alas for poor 'Doctor Newton') to his name, or append to it the letters M. D."

In section 12th the cloven foot is presented pretty distinctly: "Any itinerant vender of any drug, nostrum, ointment, or *appliance of any kind*, intended for the treatment of disease or injury, or who shall, by writing or printing or *any other method*, publicly profess to cure or treat disease, injury, or deformity, by any drug, nostrum, MANIPULATION or OTHER EXPEDIENT, shall pay a license of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH, to be collected in the usual way."

Let Dr. J. R. Newton, M. D., as well as all other magnetic, clairvoyant and spiritual healers after the mode prescribed by Jesus of old, beware how they "lay their hands" on paupers or cripples hereafter in California, unless they have the snug little sum of *twelve hundred* dollars on hand, to be paid, as by law provided, yearly in monthly installments, for the great privilege.

It seems to me that this is *taxing disease* and *beggarly deformity* rather unreasonably. But then, gold is plenty in California—and needy M. D.s still plentier.

Section 13th provides a penalty of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars, for all transgressions of the act, "or by imprisonment in the county jail for a period not less than thirty, nor for more than three hundred and sixty-five days, or by both fine and imprisonment for each and every offence."

Section 14th enacts that "It shall be the duty of the police, sheriff or any constable, to arrest all persons practicing medicine or surgery in this State who have not complied with the provisions of this act, and the officer making the arrest

shall be entitled to one-half of the fine collected." The act does not provide whether the other half shall go to *Pilate*, (the State,) to *Judas Iscariot*, (the informer,) or to the MEDICAL RING.

Against the passage of this bill the eminent water-cure physician, George M. Bourne, enters a forcible protest and remonstrance, as he did against a similar bill that was offered by the doctors to the Legislature of California in 1853. Among many other equally cogent passages, I quote the following :

Under the provisions of the bill, says he, "Not an electrician may apply his current of electricity ; nor a magnetic or spiritual healer nor a clairvoyant exhibit his or her powers ; nor would the proprietor of a properly conducted steam-bath, who is aware that he has 'the sovereign'st thing i' the earth' for the cure of colds, (so called,) fevers, rheumatism, etc., dare say so to a sufferer, lest the janizaries of the medical profession be upon his trail with fines and imprisonment ; for none of these persons would be licensed. And the midwife, God-ordained as she is, may not be at her post of duty, lest the male practitioner be prevented from putting in his obnoxious appearance, which causes the far greater portion of child-birth evils ; and concerning which the distinguished late Dr. Dewees, of Philadelphia, wrote, that 'man-midwifery was the secret history of adultery.' No midwife may hope to find allopathic meshes large enough to get through if a Board of Medical Examiners, or Censors, is established. (Although skilled and successful as an accoucher, your remonstrant always suggests and advocates the employment of the accoucheuse.)

"Clairvoyant diagnosis has rendered clear that which was obscure and unrecognizable by ordinary perception. A large number of your constituents believe in clairvoyance, and in the magnetic and spiritual healers, whose powers have been demonstrated in thousands of instances. Shall they be debarred the privilege of employing the means for relief which their knowledge and

predilections prompt, and be forced to be drugged, and be saturated with poisons? Assuredly no license would ever be granted to clairvoyants, magnetizers, or spiritual healers."

Again says Dr. Bourne: "Your Remonstrant is not a professed magnetizer, yet he is positive that in at least two instances he has prolonged life that would have succumbed but for the aid afforded by human magnetism—no other means being so potent. He has also employed it advantageously in many other cases. The allopathic fraternity, with a unanimity surprising in its ranks, denies and contemns this force in nature. Shall the professed magnetizers and spiritual healers be prohibited the *right* to exhibit their power in healing the sick through any law to be enacted by the Legislature of California? If so, Jesus of Nazareth would have no liberty at its hands to go about doing good by healing the sick."

Dr. Bourne—of whose system of medical practice Liebig, the great chemist, says, "Greater organic changes transpire in the human system under six weeks of active water treatment than in three years of the ordinary action of nature"—offers to the Legislature of California the following telling "*medical testimony to the character and value of the Allopathic or Regular Drugging Practice of medicine*":

"The extraordinary effort," says he, "now being made by medical men to hedge themselves under the protection of special legislation calls for a fortified antagonism, which justifies the liberal use of the means so abundantly provided, which it is hoped your honors will take into due consideration.

"The opponents of medical restriction and infringement ask no more than that the following extracts or quotations shall have their legitimate weight upon your honors' minds. Such testimony could be largely increased, the material being on hand.

"Dr. Abernethy, the renowned, said: 'There has been a great increase of medical men of late

years, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion.'

"Dr. Benjamin Rush: 'We have done but little more than multiply diseases and increase their fatality.'

"Sir Benjamin Brodie, M. D.: 'If the arts of medicine and surgery had never been invented, by far the greater number of those who suffer from bodily illness would have recovered nevertheless.'

"Dr. John Mason Good: 'The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicines on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except that they have *already destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined.*'

"Magendie, M. D.: 'Let us no longer wonder at the lamentable want of success which attends our practice, when there is scarcely a sound physiological principle among us.'

"Sir Astley Cooper, M. D., declared: 'The science of medicine was founded on conjecture and improved by murder.'

"Sir Wm. Knighton, M. D.: 'Medicine seems one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity.'

"Dr. Andrew Combe: 'As often practiced by men of undoubted respectability, medicine is made so much a mystery, and is *so nearly allied to, if not identified with, quackery*, that it would puzzle many a rational looker-on to tell which is the one and which the other.'

"Prof. Chapman, M. D.: 'To harmonize the contrarieties of medical doctrines is, indeed, a task as impracticable as to arrange the fleeting vapors around us, or to reconcile the fixed and repulsive antipathies of nature.'

"Dr. Cheyne: 'Minerals are the most destructive to animal bodies that malice can invent; beyond gunpowder or even spirituous liquors, for not only Nature has provided none such, but as poisons in venomous creatures, to kill their enemies. They become bristles, nails and lancet, darting perpendicularly into the solids of the

body, so as quickly to tear, rend and destroy; and can, therefore, never be proper for food or physic.'

"Magendie, M. D.: 'The physician mixes, combines and jumbles together vegetable, mineral and animal substances, and administers them, right or wrong, without considering for a moment the cause of the disease, and *without a single clear idea as to his conduct.*' Owing to such ignorance, he suggests the trusting of the patient to Nature's resources, rather than to take the 'obvious risk of hastening the end of our patient.'

"Dr. Beach: 'Is it not as dangerous to employ one of our regular mineral and butchering doctors as it is to jump into the dock, take poison, or to hazard life in any other way? And may we not regard such practice among the same calamities as pestilence, earthquake or famine?'

"Dr. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh: 'No better evidence can be offered of the ignorance of the profession generally, as to the nature and seat of any disease, than the number and variety of remedies that have been confidently recommended for its cure.' In the treatment of epidemic cholera, he cites a catalogue of nearly one hundred remedies, among which is ordinary bleeding! bleeding from the arteries! saline injections into the veins! etc., etc., equally as murderous or unphilosophical and devoid of reason.

"Sir Thomas Witherby, M. D., relating a cure of dropsy, the result of the patient's self-will, said: 'Now, no man upon earth, in his senses, would have prescribed such a water course to cure dropsy; which shows how little we know of Nature, and the great uncertainty of Art.' Water treatment is the only reliable agency for a cure in dropsical affections, and the reason why can be made plain to a common-sense perception.

"Dr. Adam Smith calls universities the 'dull repositories of exploded ideas.'

"Hartmann, M. D., of Vienna: 'Taking the general run of practitioners, we can convince ourselves that the most of them evince nothing

but the rudest empiricism under the cloak of science.'

"Dr. Madden: 'In all our cases we did as other practitioners did—we continued to bleed and *the patients continued to die.*'"

"Dr. Reid: 'More infantile subjects are diurnally destroyed by the mortar and pestle than in the ancient Bethlehem fell victims to the Herodian massacre.'

"Dr. Thomas L. Nichols: 'If medicine were only as wise as surgery! When a man has a broken bone, the surgeon is content to put it in its place, prescribe rest and a moderate diet, and leave Nature to mend it. But when it is the liver or lungs that are disordered, the doctor bleeds, blisters, doses, gives alteratives, cathartics, opiates, and does more mischief in a week than Nature can remedy in a year. I confess I have no patience with the folly of patients, or the ignorance, to call it no worse, of physicians.'

"Prof. Jackson, M. D., of Philadelphia, says: 'There must be a medical reform.'

"The eminent author and physician, Dr. Dewees, retired from practice many years before his decease, and about the year 1840 expressed his increasing want of confidence in medical practice in conversation with Dr. Bourne.

"Dr. Hoffman: 'Few are the remedies whose virtues and operations are certain; many are those which are doubtful, suspicious, fallacious, false.'

"Dr. Houghton: 'Modern water cure took its origin at a time when it would really seem as if the science of medicine (so called) was rapidly sinking into a decline—not to say dying of its own poisons.'

"Dr. Dickson: 'The ancients endeavored to elevate physic to the dignity of a science, *but failed!* The moderns, with more success, have endeavored to reduce it to the level of a trade.'

"THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT. — BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

"The people are asked to believe that it is necessary for regularly educated physicians of the

drug system to examine all who propose to practice the healing art, in order to ascertain their competency, and in this manner protect the people from being killed by ignoramuses. This argument would be weighty, and perhaps conclusive, provided the drug doctors could agree among themselves. But it happens that the practice that one physician approves as curative, another condemns as killative. We could easily fill *The Science of Health* with quotations like the following :

"The older physicians grow, the more skeptical they become to the virtues of medicine.—*Prof. Alex. H. Stevens, M. D.*

"Drugs do not cure disease ; disease is always cured by the *vis medicatrix natura*.—*Prof. Jos. M. Smith, M. D.*

"Blisters nearly always produce death when applied to children.—*Prof. O. R. Gilman, M. D.*

"Digitalis has hurried thousands to the grave.—*Prof. David Hosack, M. D.*

"More harm than good has been done by the use of drugs in the treatment of measles, scarlatina, and other self-limited diseases.—*Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D.*

"Bleeding in pneumonia doubles the mortality.—*Prof. H. G. Cox, M. D.*

(To which I would add in parenthesis that the use of morphine and other narcotics and anodynes in the same malady TEN-folds its mortality.—*T. R. H.*)

"The drugs which are administered for the cure of scarlet fever and measles, kill more than those diseases do.—*Prof. B. F. Barker, M. D.*

"As we place more confidence in Nature, and less in the preparations of the apothecary, mortality diminishes.—*Prof. Willard Parker, M. D.*

"Opium *increases* the nerve force.—*Prof. B. F. Barker, M. D.*

"Opium *diminishes* the nerve force.—*Prof. E. H. Davis, M. D.*

"We do not know whether our patients recover because we give medicine, or because Nature cures them.—*Prof. J. W. Carson, M. D.*

"The action of remedies is a subject entirely beyond our comprehension.—*Prof. John B. Beck, M. D.*

"Of the essence of disease very little is known; indeed, nothing at all.—*Prof. S. D. Gross, M. D.*

"The medical practice of our day has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence.—*Prof. Evans, M. D., F. R. S.*

"I fearlessly assert, that in most cases the patient would be safer without a physician than with one.—*Prof. Ramage, M. D., F. R. S.*

"I visited the different schools of medicine, and the students of each hinted, if they did not assert, that the other sects *killed* their patients.—*Prof. Billings, M. D., of London.*

"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick room.—*Prof. Frank, M. D., London.*

"The language of medical science is a barbarous jargon.—*John Mason Good, M. D., F. R. S.*

"It is my firm belief that if the medical profession, with its prevailing mode of practice, were absolutely abolished, mankind would be infinitely the gainer.—*Francis Coggswell, M. D., Boston.*

"I declare as my conscientious conviction, founded on long experience and reflection, that, if there was not a single physician, surgeon, man-midwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist, nor drug, on the face of the earth, there would be *less sickness and less mortality* than now prevail.—*Jas. Johnson, M. D., F. R. S., Editor of the 'Medico Chirurg. Review.'*

"Such is the system, as judged by its own teachers and practitioners, that the Legislatures of the different States are asked to enforce on the people by special statutes. No wonder the profession wants protection. The people have not petitioned for protection. All of these efforts to perpetuate the drug system by law, under the hypocritical and knavish pretence of protecting the people, originate in medical societies, and mostly with those members of the medical profession who have so little practice that they have plenty of time for planning schemes of benevolence and prosecuting enterprises of charity

and philanthropy; provided, always, they be calculated to benefit the business and perpetuate the power and influence of the party of the first part.

"Dr. Benjamin Rush: 'Conferring exclusive privileges upon bodies of physicians and forbidding men of equal talents and knowledge, under severe penalties, from practicing medicine within certain districts of cities and countries—such institutions, however sanctioned by ancient charters and names, are the *bastilles* of our science.'"

[*Quoted from the Manifesto of the American Medical Society.*]

"It is wholly incontestible that there exists a wide-spread dissatisfaction with what is called the 'regular' or old allopathic practice." Again: "Too many candid, ingenious and competent members of the profession have left it already in disgust and despair. . . . The science and art of medicine must be reformed from within—those alone are competent to the task who are cognizant of its errors and deficiencies. . . . Multitudes of people in this country and in Europe exhibit an utter want of confidence in physicians and their physic. The cause is evident—erroneous theory, and, springing from it, injurious, often, very often, fatal practice. . . . In one word, medicine must be redeemed, and it must be rendered the healing art *or perish!*' Such, we have no doubt, is the invincible determination of the large public; and this is no hasty verdict, no passing cloud, no mere temporary popular ebullition. The feeling widens, deepens, is ineradicable."

Quoting many eminent medical writers, the "Manifesto" continues: "Enough! Judged and repudiated by its most illustrious authors, those best acquainted with it, and, of course, best qualified to judge; discarded and scorned by a large, intelligent and influential portion of the people, old school allopathy is dying of marasmus; it will linger for some time longer, but is moribund. *The most eminent of the Faculty have pronounced its doom, and soon it will go down to*

the tomb of the Capulets, without hope or possibility of resurrection!"

In commenting on the proposed act Dr. Bourne says in a printed circular addressed to members of the Legislature and others—

"That portion of Sec. 12, line 4, which reads, 'manipulation or other expedients,' which is interpreted 'magnetizers,' 'clairvoyants,' and 'spiritual healers,' if enacted will cause tens of thousands of your constituents to anathematize your act, and a much larger number to inquire whether we now are in the nineteenth or the ninth century. Its passage would be a flagrant act of injustice, a moral as well as a political wrong; and a greater wrong because those who would thereby be affected do not possess the means to establish its unconstitutionality. Truth demands this assertion, however much the undersigned may dislike to make it.

"The only satisfactory conclusion in the premises is to 'let well alone.' Let the people take care of themselves in regard to health as they do in so many other directions; and let the allopaths mind their own business, and get all they can to attend to.

"All which is respectfully submitted by
GEORGE M. BOURNE, *Water Cure Physician.*"

In still another printed circular Dr. Bourne says:

"To some members of the Legislature—Democratic and Republican—I have submitted this proposition, viz. : To forward my remonstrance to every journal in the State, asking for an expression of sentiment, as being both a Democratic and Republican method to get at an understanding of the popular feeling in this matter. The postponement of the consideration of the question in the meanwhile to be urged.

"Several influential journals have already expressed sentiments averse to the whole scheme of interference with the established policy of the past; and I have yet to learn that even one favors this hide-bound allopathic movement.

"Not a voice among the people, of man or wo-

man, has been heard asking for legislative protection; the Eclectic Medical Society of Physicians did not, nor did the homeopaths, nor the hygienists or water cure physicians—ONLY the allopathists, of whose style the people are getting so tired that they will employ even a Chinese doctor in preference.

"Out of darkness cometh light. Out of danger comes deliverance. Out of quackery, both in and out of the 'regular' ranks, when the people get heartily sick of it, Progress and Reform will rear their Beacon Lights. Let quackery do its work and hasten its own downfall."

Whether the M. D.s will succeed in getting their several monopolizing bills through the State Legislatures, where they are now pending, will probably depend upon the success they meet with in subsidizing the services of their LL.D. brethren, who unquestionably possess supreme power both in the national and State governments, their professionally cultivated gift of the gab enabling them to prevent almost any member from expressing his honest opinion, either in Congress or the State Legislatures—however sound his judgment may be—who has not acquired the faculty of ready response to their impudent *anti-parliamentary* epithets and abusive remarks. These LL.D.s are as plenty in the land as are their brethren of the Apocalypse—the D. D.s and M. D.s—and as needy and greedy of mammon and spoil as either of the *threes*.*

* The San José Mercury of April 6th contains the following remarks on the question from the pen of its able editor, Judge Owen:

"MEDICAL QUACKERY ON TRIAL.

"We are disposed to aid in the agitation of this question of medical quackery, because it will inure to the benefit of the public. 'The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom,' and we know of but few subjects of comparative importance upon which the masses think so little, and consequently have so little wisdom. We protest against the action contemplated by the Legislature, because we deem it wrong in principle, and because that in so far as it shall succeed, it will operate against the best public good by impeding progress in the line of applied remedies. We know that eminent allopathic physicians—physicians more eminent and learned, perhaps, than any practitioners in this

As legislators, these children of the Dragon mold and make our laws—as lawyers they interpret and mystify them, and as judges they administer them, and in *all three capacities* they are careful to keep a legal or technical door open that admits of boundless corruption and scoundrelism.

Nor is this the worst feature of the system that is fostered in our courts, for there is not a villainous defaulter or thief in the land that some of the most eminent of these professional *liars* do not stand ready to protect for a share of their plunder, under pretence of defending innocence.

Nay, totally against the true policy and intention of the law—which was in its purity never meant to afford comfort, inward strength and

State—have asserted, over and over again, that medical practice at best is only an experimental science. The most experienced physicians are continually meeting cases almost exactly similar in manifestation, which, in response to similar treatment, are diametrically opposed. We know that a considerable fraction of cases treated by the learned physician, the practitioner abounding with diplomas, result fatally; and we know some physicians which the contemplated legislation would proscribe in this State, whose patients, in very large majority, are pulled safely through. Then we know of physicians who have renounced allopathic practice, who have written learned treatises, proving, so far as living illustration can prove, that the administration of drugs, so called, is irrational, and involves risks, large, out of all proportion to any possible benefits.

“Knowing these facts, facts which every intelligent physician knows, and every honest one will readily admit, we protest against any arbitrary lines being drawn, especially of that nature which would prevent the progress of medical practice in the more rational fields of discovery, in the department of electricity, and of occult mental forces. In these elements there is life and healing, and nothing destructive, when applied by simple, natural rules which are easy to comprehend. We can see nothing better than bald assumption in one practitioner, or a dozen practitioners, bound up by a system of which its most learned exponents have said, over and over again, that it was at best only experimental; that so far as the nature of disease or its treatment with drugs is concerned, they are all ‘at sea’—we can see nothing but bald assumption in such claiming the right to decide who may or may not administer to the sick. There is, happily, but little danger the Legislature will set up this barrier to progress, but we hope the agitation of the subject will go on till the people shall not only know that they have a full right to call whoever they wish to feel of their pulse and give them treatment, but shall know enough about life and the elements that support it, to be their own physicians.”

protection to criminals by furnishing them with legal father *confessors* and defenders of self-acknowledged guilt—these unworthy officers of our judicial tribunals do not hesitate to consort with and carry in their bosoms the damning secrets of self-convicted criminals, and basely use them for their defence, thus meanly becoming “accomplices in *crime* after the act” with the worst of felons, minus the risk their principals have incurred in the commission, for a lion’s share of plunder obtained by highway robbery and midnight murder.

The magnitude of the power for evil this unprincipled ruling oligarchy has acquired in our National Congress may be guessed at by the fact that out of one hundred and seventy new representatives last chosen by the people, (God save the mark !) one hundred and twenty-two are said to be lawyers. And as in our national so in our State Legislatures, the only clique or class of men who thrive best amidst discord, and public and private disaster, hold absolute control over all the great interests of the country, and shape and mold all measures for its guidance and control. “Verily ye shall know them by their fruits!!!”

Thus through the foul, insidious manipulations of lawyers, first as legislators, then as attorneys and counsellors, and again as judges of court, in all three capacities aiming to multiply the business and increase, by endless legal complication and delays, the salaries, fees and stealings of the fraternity rather than administering to justice and the rights of the unfortunate clients whom they entrap like helpless flies in the intricate meshes of the deceitful legal spider-web they have woven—from which their victims strive to escape in vain until the last dollar is filched by their greedy destroyers, in thousands of instances, from their pockets.

So atrocious have these abuses become that all know that it is utterly impossible for a man in moderate circumstances to obtain justice in the plainest possible case, in some of the States,

against a millionaire. Under the management and superintendence of our lawyer law-makers, interpreters and judicial administrators, so complex and uncertain have they rendered our codes, that a railroad mortgage that should admit of foreclosure, in the event of a default on its terms, as speedily and as inexpensively as a private mortgage on a farm or house, cannot be accomplished for years, nor until half a dozen of the profession have filched from the unfortunate, ruined bondholders a little fortune in greenbacks for each.

As carrion birds of prey flock to the fallen sheep and feed on its vitals during its death-struggles, so do these *cormorants* pounce upon every defaulting railroad and other broken corporation or business concern and fatten as attorneys, commissioners and committees on the wreck of the estates still left in the hands of the already ruinously plundered creditors.

Taking the average of the whole decisions of Court that have been pronounced in civil suits during the last fifteen years, I feel entirely satisfied in my mind that less injustice on the broad scale would have been done, and less suffering caused, both mental and physical, to the parties in court and their relatives and friends, had every case been decided *instanter* by a Turkish *Cadé* on one hearing of the contestants alone, without the intervention of a single lawyer. In fact, I feel sure that had every cause been thus summarily decided, even *contrary* to justice, without *one exception*, the results would have been better than they have been for the population at large, and that in this way *speedy injustice* would have proved on the whole better than *tardy justice*. But, thank God, I believe that another century will not pass before the great battle of *Armageddon* will either by *moral* or physical means rid the world of its oppressors, including the three "spirits of devils" that the prophet saw go forth to hasten its advent.

To return from this long digression, I will say that I know a Mr. P. T., who for some years had given up work, and was fast sinking into the

grave through the wasting effects of an insidious malady that he could get no relief for from the hands of the medical faculty. One day I met him an entirely changed man, his countenance bright and cheerful, and his cheeks redolent with health. On my remarking on his altered appearance he told me that he attributed the renovation of his constitution to the circumstance of having accidentally read an article written by me that was printed in the New York Tribune, (now some dozen years ago) in which I strongly recommended the use of Brandreth's pills as a remedy for almost every curable malady. This article (with the leave of caviling friends) I will here transcribe, as I think in case the diplomatic doctors succeed in driving clairvoyants, hydropaths, Thomsonians, and other *quack* healers and physicians out of the State of New York, some of its citizens may, like Mr. P. T., derive profit from its perusal :

"HEALING FOR THE SICK.

"Doctors' and undertakers' fees are so high that it is very inconvenient for persons of small means to be sick or die in these times. That most of the maladies that prevail in our climate may be prevented by proper care I have no doubt; and that most of the sicknesses that do occur may be cured at a trifling expense and loss of time, I am, after half a century's observation and experience, equally certain. I think men and women would now survive to the average age of seventy, instead of half that term of years, if they would live and practice in harmony with the laws of their being; which, like all Nature's works, are ever found to be as simple as they are grand when understood.

"Moses was inspired to utter a great truth when he declared that '*The life of the flesh is in the blood.*'* Action is life, and the blood is the

* Dr. John Hunter maintained that the blood *lives*. It is, as Liebig truly says, "the sum of all the organs that are being formed."

"It is life itself (says Dr. Samuel Dickson), and he who loses a pint of blood loses a pint of his life."

organ by which it is communicated to every member of the body. It follows that if the organ be out of tune the music or harmony of life cannot be complete, however cunningly it may be piped upon. If there is discordancy in the instrument it is not the fault of the law—which is ever perfect in itself—but it is the fault of man's animal propensities that transgress the law.

"The blood that imparts life and nourishment to the system feeds upon the food we eat, the fluids we drink, and the air we breathe. To preserve its purity, we should eat to live rather than live to eat. Eat slowly, chew the food well, drink sparingly, even of water, and be temperate in all things, and one-half of the primary causes of disease will be removed. Hilarity and cheerful conversation whilst at the table greatly assist digestion. A hearty, prolonged, explosive laugh will well-nigh split a pine knot on its passage to the stomach.

"See to it, as far as is practicable, that you breathe uncontaminated air, for every breath we draw comes in contact with the blood, and imparts to it its own quality, whether it be the savor of life to life or of death to death. Look especially to your sleeping-rooms, that they are dally (and if small, nightly) ventilated. Avoid beds, and particularly pillows, that are filled with blood-shoten feathers. Keep the pores of the body open and clean by frequent bathing, for all of these are pipes that give tone to Life's organ. Above all things, look to it that there is no decaying vegetable matter of any kind near or under your sleeping apartments, for probably more sickness occurs from this cause than any one other. If at any time you begin to feel dull and heavy, and *good for nothing*; if you lose animation, and your flesh feels numb and sore; if your mouth grows *clammy*, and your tongue *furs*; if your eyes feel as if they had *sticks* in them, or your head, or side, or back begins to ache, or old sores and weak points of the system *grumble*; if you snuffle, or your voice grows husky, accompanied with a hacking as if to clear the throat,

lose no time in ascertaining and removing the local cause, if possible, before you are stricken down by disease.

"Proceed first to your cellar, especially if you sleep on the ground floor. Examine it well in every nook and corner. You may, in your researches through its dark labyrinths, perchance, stumble upon a dead cat, and perhaps some festering rats; but heed them not. Their aroma is not pleasant, but it is not deadly poisonous; but if you should fall in with a rotten turnip, or potato, or cabbage, or any other decomposing vegetable, eject it at once a stone's throw from your house, with every vestige of its remains, even to the earth it has impregnated; for the miasma that arises from a peck of decomposing vegetables of any kind, if inhaled into the lungs, and consequently blood, especially during sleep, is sufficient, with the aid of the lancet or of a little morphine, to kill a regiment of hardy men, and the stronger and more robust they are the more certain will be their doom.* I have myself known, many years since, when the lancet was in vogue, scores of hardy young men and women perish, under such circumstances, in a single country town of this State, whose lives might have been easily saved, I am entirely confident, under a different mode of treatment. I have now in my recollection a certain Doctor Sangrado, who then practiced in that town, of whom it might with truth be said, *Death followed after him*. He seldom entered a family at the season of the year when these morbid attacks were most rife, without sending one, two, three, or even five in one instance, to their graves. Weakly patients, whose strength of constitution was not competent to carry any considerable portion of morbid matter in their blood before it gave way, had some chance of life under the blood-letting treatment of that day, but those of strong constitutions stood but little. These, when attacked, generally kept about until their blood became so thick and sluggish that it coursed with difficulty through the thousands of little ducts and vessels that carry

* See Appendix.

life to the surface and extremities of the body, and were unconscious of their danger until the morbid matter—precipitated, perhaps, by the scratch of a briar or a pin, or a draft of cold air, or other trifling exposure—began to clot or congest in the intricate recesses of the brain, the liver, the pleura, or some other weak or delicate point, accompanied, of course, with pain or distress. Dr. Sangrado was then called, who proceeded at once to draw a heavy portion of the best blood from the system in order to relieve the suffering; and having thus paralyzed the vital forces, they were next stimulated by a dose of mercury, and expected to perform double duty with their instrument (the blood) just crippled by the lancet.

“In other words, the horse that was striving with all his might to extricate a heavy load from the mire, was first knocked on the head to prevent his injuring the wagon by his efforts, and then a shoulder was placed to the wheel in the vain expectation that the additional stimulus would enable the dying steed to drag it through the mud. The loss of the best blood the system could afford neutralized the otherwise good effect of the mercury, gave momentary relief to the patient just so far as life had been obstructed, relaxed the efforts that Nature was making to expel the poisonous miasma from the blood, which, in its weakened flow, went on congesting or clotting with accelerated speed. The pain or distress soon returned, and again the lancet was resorted to alternately with doses of calomel, until the patient’s whole body, deprived of its life-principle, became a mass of inert and putrid matter; and “Died of typhus fever” was generally the verdict of Death’s coroner.

“The practice of blood-letting has been, finally, pretty much abandoned, and one less revolting but little less fatal in its operation, has been substituted by many physicians in its place, viz., that of relieving effects at the expense of aggravating the cause by the use of opium. Instead of knocking the horse on the head under the cir-

cumstances before narrated, his efforts are paralyzed before the shoulder is put to the wheel, by dosing him with poison.

"To illustrate by another homely comparison : If a piece of cloth be run through water saturated with fustic, logwood, or other dye-wood, it will come out stained or colored. Rinse this in a brook, and the coloring matter will soon disappear ; but drop a small lump of alum, vitriol, or other mordant, in the dye-vat before the cloth is passed through it, and all the water of the lakes will not suffice to wash it white again. So, when the blood, by neglect, exposure, or abuse, has become surcharged with unhealthy matter, sufficient to interrupt its healthy flow, and begins to clot or congest, a little stimulus applied in the same direction *that the law of our nature is already striving to impel the vital forces* will enable them to dislodge the congestion and expel the morbid matter from the blood. But introduce an opium pill or the smallest portion of morphine into the blood, and all the mercury or other cleansing stimulants on earth will scarcely purge it clean.

"A bullock's hide once accidentally lodged on a shoal (weak point) in the river Tiber (the great artery of Rome). Against this, the impurities and drifts of the river gradually *congested*, until it became a fast-anchored island. When first deposited, it is probable a housewife might, with a mere swash of her broom in the direction of the current, have so far stimulated its force as to have removed the hide (congestion), and prevented the formation of the island.

"Before applying such a *mercurial* remedy, to be consistent with his practice, as applied to the cleansing of the channels of the blood, Dr. Sangrado would have first withdrawn from the Tiber sufficient water to have left the bullock's hide high and dry in the sand, and then set the woman to work with her broom ; whilst *Dr. Morphina* should have advised that the swashing process be deferred until the waters of the river were congealed by frost, or thickened by some ingenious process to the like consistency imparted to the blood by opium or other narcotics.

"What I have said so far is mostly *theory*, which readers will, of course, estimate at its worth. What I am now about to say is *fact*, derived from more than thirty years' observation and experience, applied to multitudes of cases with, as far as I am advised, uniform success, including bilious colic, bilious fevers, and all that class of maladies that, under the ordinary medical treatment, end in slow fevers, called in the books Typhus or Typhoid, Pleurisy, common colds and sore throat, Indigestion, and its first-born child Headache, Croup (if applied in an early stage), Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Fever Sores, and running sores generally (the fountain of which is ever the blood), and, in fact, almost every acute ailment common to our climate, that commences with pain in the head, body or limbs, or at the commencement of which the patient remarks, in a languid tone, '*I don't feel well*,' with the exception, perhaps, of Scarlet and Lung Fevers, which the remedy I shall describe greatly benefits, and lays the foundation for a certain cure, as far as my limited experience in these complaints extends, by applying additional simple treatment, viz., *packing* in the former, and certain vegetable cordials or decoctions in the latter complaint.*

"Formerly the manufacturers in the town of South Kingston, R. I., of which I was one, were seriously incommoded by the annual prevalence of the complaint dubbed by the *Sangrados* as typhus, but popularly known as *fall fever*. Business was sometimes brought nearly to a standstill from the number of hands that were taken out of employ in consequence of long, and, in very many cases, fatal sickness. A young man or woman would leave the mill, complaining, perhaps, of a pain in the head, neck, shoulders, back or side, or difficulty in breathing, send for Dr. Sangrado, experience momentary relief from

* Twenty-three centuries ago Hippocrates, the father of medical science, announced the unity of morbid action: *Omnium morborum unus et idem modus est*—THE TYPE OF ALL DISEASE IS ONE AND IDENTICAL.

the free use of the lancet, and, in consequence, be prostrated on a bed of languishing for weeks or months, and probably die.

"I became fully satisfied, in my own mind, that both the sicknesses and deaths were, in a great majority of cases, the result of improper treatment, rather than the normal character of the maladies, and greatly to the disgust of M. D.s, gave free and wide utterance to my convictions. I finally resolved to practice medicine myself, so far as I could obtain patients, from among those in my immediate neighborhood and employ, gratis; and from that day to this, a period of more than thirty years, out of many hundreds of cases of almost every type of disease, I have never known a death to occur among those who have relied solely on the simple remedies I have furnished, nor have I known of a serious case among them all, of *Dysentery, Pleurisy, Typhus or Typhoid, Brain, Congestive, Bilious*, or any other fever, except Scarlet or Lung fevers, of which last, as before said, my experience has been slight, and confined to my own family, in which there have been five cases of Scarlet fever, one of which was treated by the two most renowned homeopathic physicians in New York, and died in great apparent agony on the seventh day. Two of the other cases were equally severe, but all recovered without the interference or aid of the Faculty.

"For some time I relied on the 'pills' only in light attacks, and gave from twelve to fifteen grains of calomel, with a good sweat in severe cases. I generally attended to the sweating process (which I shall hereafter describe) myself, and never, to my recollection, failed to obtain the desired sweat. The mercury stimulated the interior powers of the system, whereby the morbid matter is (as I suppose) forced from the blood into the bowels, and thus passes off; whilst the sweat, operating on the external pores of the body, in like manner as the stimulating mercury acts on the internal pores or ducts, the two forces sympathize and assist each other; and the con-

gestion and other causes of disease (unless it has become chronic) are wholly expelled at one operation, leaving the system as free from poisonous or unhealthy matter as is that of a new-born babe.

"It is now nearly thirty years since I entirely abandoned the use of calomel, for which I substituted '*Brandreth's Pills*,' which I have found, after long and varied experience, produce all the good effects of mercury with none of its bad. Too much care cannot, however, be observed in obtaining them, as a large proportion of the *pills* sold in New England are spurious, notwithstanding their close resemblance to the genuine and the *oaths* of the unprincipled men who vend them. To make sure of the genuine, I always obtain them from Dr. Benjamin Brandreth's own office, which is at the 'corner of Broadway and Canal street, New York,' and who sends them to order, free of charge for express, for two dollars per dozen boxes. One or two boxes (or not over twenty-five cents' worth) suffice generally to keep a family of ordinary size in health for a year.

"Thus any man, by an expenditure of two dollars, may keep his own family, and those of some five or six of his neighbors in health for a year, and that with very little if any loss of time, and not a farthing's expense for medical aid. This, as a general rule, I pledge my word I know to be true by actual practice and observation—although I suppose it will not be so regarded by most readers. These pills are as efficacious in cases of hurts, bruises, cuts, sores, &c., as in other maladies. By immediately cleansing the blood they remove all danger of lock-jaw, festering sores, or congestion of the blood, at the wounded or ailing points—and Nature speedily restores the injured parts. Not unfrequently from the use of opium in some of its varied forms, or other malpractice, the morbid matter in the blood seeks to escape through vents called fever sores. I have known instances of this kind wherein, after the patient has been in acute

pains for weeks, a dose of Brandreth's Pills has turned this current of morbid matter from the sores to the bowels, through which it has been passed off, and the patient been healed almost at once. But I do not mean to be understood to say that this is *the* rule, as when the system has been surcharged and weakened by poisonous and stupefying drugs, Nature's vital forces cannot always be rallied by any treatment that I am acquainted with.

"I will close this long (and as doctors will doubtlessly say absurd and foolish) article with a simple recipe, which if adhered to in all its *requirements* I feel sure will heal at one operation a great majority of the ills we are liable to in this country.

"I know that it has been used with entire effect in cases of yellow fevers; and I now have in my possession a certificate, signed by every member of a company who were nine months in the army of the Potomac, at a time when thousands were dying around them, with small-pox, swamp fevers and dysentery—the health of every one of whom (without an exception) was preserved simply by relying solely on 'Brandreth's Pills,' a quantity of which had been presented to the company, with directions for using them, by their fellow-townsmen, Dr. Benjamin Brandreth.

"*Recipe.*—In cases of slight hurts, cuts, bruises, punctures, &c., or slight indisposition, take from one to six BRANDRETH'S PILLS, according to age and constitution; say one pill for a child one year old, two for a child of three years old, and four or more for adults.

"When any malady has made such progress as to cause difficulty of breathing, oppression or severe pain in any part of the body, head or limbs, place the feet of the patient in water as hot as it can by *any possibility* be borne, and throw a blanket over the knees to keep in the steam. Do not let them remain in the bath *to exceed* four minutes. Wipe the feet dry as quickly as possible, and rub them hard with a dry towel. Then get

at once to bed, and take from one to six pills as above. (In cases of intense bilious colic or pleurisy, give six, eight, or even more, until relief is obtained, but by no means attempt to alleviate the pain at the expense of the life by blood-letting or narcotics.) After swallowing the pills, drink a glass of weak lemonade (or molasses and water, if lemonade is not to be had) made almost boiling, and so hot that it can *only be taken in sips*; then cover warm, and a sweat will shortly ensue. This treatment will set all the vital forces of life to work, both internal and external, and not only remove the effects but the cause of the distemper, as the most ignorant cannot fail to perceive, not only by the relief that will be experienced, but from the offensive character of the matter that passes from the bowels, a large portion of which proceeds from the blood, liver, or other vital intestines.

“Water gruel alone should be taken for eighteen hours after taking the pills, after which, so far as my experience has extended, patients, as a general rule, will be restored to health, and in a situation to eat and exercise as usual, without danger of relapse, for the simple reason that the blood, the seat and organ of life, is freed from all impurities, and consequently there is nothing in the system to cause a relapse; nor can sickness again ensue until the blood becomes surcharged with extraneous and morbid matter.

“Some readers may possibly suppose that, in accordance with *general usage*, I may have some interest other than that of a desire for the good of others in recommending ‘Brandreth’s Pills’ (which, by-the-by, are *always* inclosed in a certificate and directions folded around each separate box, with a *government stamp on the envelope*). For the benefit of such readers I will just say that I have never seen Dr. Brandreth in my life, nor have I ever received from him or any other person a farthing for anything done by me in relation to his pills; that I have always paid full price for every box I have had; that I have never received a penny for any disposition I have made

of them, although I have probably administered and given away hundreds of boxes; that I esteem a judicious distribution of them, in a charitable point of view, as of more use than a hundred-fold of the same value bestowed in money; that in case of leaving my family for any considerable season, I should do it with an easier mind if satisfied they would on any and all occasions—of accident or disease—resort to the foregoing prescription for cure, than I should were they left in a position to command the best medical advice (apart therefrom) in the world: and this assurance has been derived from a long and varied experience, that has fully satisfied me that there is no necessity that one life should be lost in New England where there are now ten by what is called Typhus or Typhoid fever—which in fact, as a general rule, is but the ebbing away with a slow fever of the life from the blood in consequence of the impurities it is forced to consort with, first engendered by breathing foul air, gluttonous and hasty feeding, and other causes and exposures, and subsequently aggravated by the malpractices of physicians—among the most prominent of which was the former practice of bleeding and parching to death with thirst, which practices were only abandoned by the Faculty in consequence of an outside popular pressure, since which morphines and other narcotics have been substituted for the lancet with almost equal fatal effect; and which will be doubtlessly persevered in so long as ignorant patients measure the doctor's skill by his ability to relieve effects at the expense of aggravating the disease, instead of working them off by removing their cause.

"Vauchuse, R. I., May, 1866."

Men and women of expansive and liberal natures, who remember the dire experiences they passed through whilst striving to obtain light amidst the dark entanglements of the theological creeds of the churches, but who have at length escaped therefrom into the glorious light and liberty that attends on the communion with angels, have a high duty to perform toward their fellow-mortals who yet remain in darkness.

They have no right to *hide their light under a bushel!* They have no right to *cry peace, peace, when there is no peace*, but it is their bounden duty to go forth into all the world, and not only preach *their gospel of love and good will to every living creature*, but gird on their intellectual and spiritual armor, and without malice to the individual, manfully do battle in the cause of humanity and justice, even to the pulling down the strongholds of the doctors of every creed and profession, who seek to lord it over their brethren and deprive them of their rights, whether by special legal enactments or otherwise. And in closing these remarks, I will say that for one I am ready to contribute my mite toward aiding in perfecting a plan that will most effectually further these objects, and trust that some younger and more capable Spiritualists than myself will be found willing to engage actively in the cause, and urge the battle for truth, justice and the right vigorously onward to a successful conclusion.

APPENDIX.

It has been my invariable practice to attend personally, about the middle of April, to the cleansing and thorough ventilation of my cellar. Notwithstanding this sanitary precaution, some few years ago a number of my family repeatedly manifested symptoms of approaching fever, which on every occasion were temporarily arrested by the use of Brandreth's pills and the customary sweating process, but in a few days the symptoms would develop again. I had, as I supposed, cleansed my cellar thoroughly some weeks before, but now instituted a more thorough inspection of the premises, when I found hidden away in the corner of a dark closet a peck or so of decaying and highly offensive carrots. These I had removed, and the spot where they lay thoroughly cleansed and washed, after which my family were readily restored to their accustomed health.

Again, I had occasion to pass the night at a house in the country where quite a number of wood-choppers lodged, all of whom I found more or less sick and unwell with feverish complaints. I at once inquired about the state of the cellar, and was told by the master of the house (who was a tenant of mine) that in accordance with my previous instructions, every species of vegetable matter had been removed from it some weeks before. Although I slept in an upper room, I felt sure that the atmosphere was impregnated with poisonous vegetable miasma, and in the morning had the cellar carefully examined in all its ramified parts, when a bushel or more of rotting potatoes were discovered in the ash-hole of the chimney. On these being removed, the health of the whole family was speedily restored, without the intervention of a doctor, who, had he been called in, might very probably have killed almost as many occupants of the house with his poisonous nostrums as there were individual rotten potatoes in the cellar to aid him.

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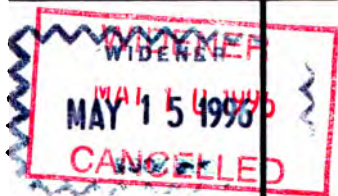
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